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American Revolution: 1933

By John T. Flynn

The old American Individualism and the old Puritanism have gone down in a heap together. Will this new American Revolution achieve anything permanent or are we headed toward a new kind of rule by Big Business? John T. Flynn, author of "God's Gold," a biography of John D. Rockefeller, analyzes and indicates the possible trend of the momentous events which have taken place since March 4.

After all, there is a difference between a revolution and an insurrection. Without pikes or machine guns or blood-letting or violence of any sort, we have been the objects, rather than the architects and managers, of a revolution quite as profound as some of the more disorderly affairs of history. It is probable that we have effected a change in our lives far more extensive than was produced in the life of Mexico, for instance, when Mr. Carranza ousted General Huerta or General Obregon deposed Mr. Carranza. Nor has our little noiseless revolution consisted in the more obvious and dramatic act of driving the Republican swarms from Washington and inviting the Democratic swarms in; of substituting Mr. Roosevelt for Mr. Hoover, Mr. Woodin for Mr. Mills, or Mr. Jesse Jones for Mr. Atlee Pomerene or the appointees of Mr. Jim Farley for the postmasters of Everett Sanders. It is not a political revolution at all. And it differs from almost all other revolutions in that we have revolted from one thing without revolting *to* another. We have bowled over one system without embracing a new one.

Almost at the very moment when the foundations under our gaudy prosperity were about to give way, *The Nation's Business* was printing a piece about "The Seven Sane Years." Mr. Hoover was about to take office and Major-General Squier hailed the event with a description of the Amazing Years Ahead. Mr. Merle Thorpe said we were about to have an experience new to the Century. Alas, how new! All this was precisely what every one believed. Never was a people surer of themselves, of their implements for getting along, of the riches in their hands. But now we have flung away from all this certainty and cast ourselves into the arms of utter uncertainty. We have not abandoned the philosophy of Mr. Raskob and Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Schwab and Mr. Insull and gone trooping madly to the panaceas of another set of apostles. We have just let go the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Hoover and Mr. Andy Mellon, the wall mottoes of the Chamber of Commerce and the hymn books of Rotary without taking hold of any others. There has been no flaming apostle with a sure promise of regeneration out upon the highways. There has been literally no leadership for a revolution of action. Bewildered and stunned as are our old Tory captains, they are no more perfectly confused and divided than the radical leaders.

Mr. Roosevelt, it may soon appear, holds his leadership now precisely because he represents this national

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moment of doubt. His objective seems to be to get business started. His goal is to bring back prosperity. No one seems to have a very clear idea of what prosperity means. To most, at the moment, it seems to be little more than giving a lift to business—perhaps getting a million or two million men back to work. But putting five or six million men back to work is a long way from prosperity if ten million are still to remain idle. Boosting the wages of those who return to work from the $600 a year which Mr. Filene's Century Fund declares is the present average American earnings to perhaps a third more, while at the same time the increase is consumed by a rise in prices, is not prosperity. Mr. Roosevelt frankly concedes that he has no sure cure. He has likened himself to the quarterback who is prepared to try an end run and if that does not succeed an assault on the centre and if that does not work a plunge off tackle. There is a good deal to be said for this. But this is not the mood of revolution.

But for all this the change in the outward condition of our lives is most extraordinary. Nowhere is that change more startling than in the swift and complete shift in the cast of characters in the current scenes. All that amazing company of stuffed shirts has moved off into silence. Mr. Insull is in Greece. Mr. Mitchell is out of his great bank and, as I write, faces a jury. Mr. Wiggin is resigned from the "largest bank in the world" and the Morgan partners are making ready to go to Washington to be quizzed. Mr. Dwight Morrow is dead. Mr. Coolidge is dead. Mr. Hoover is not quite dead. And the presence of Mr. Mellon and Mr. Mills in the Washington they once ruled, conferring with Republican allies, is shouted out in Congress as a kind of warning as if Jubal Early again were in the suburbs with Confederate cavalry. Ivar Kreuger, the miracle man, is dead—a suicide. The banking house which unwittingly peddled his counterfeit wares to the people is demobilized. Raskob and Fisher brothers and William C. Durant and Mike Meehan and Percy Rockefeller and Matt Brush and Arthur Cutten and those other audacious speculators who rode the whirlwind and directed the storm back in the old wild battles in Wall Street during the "Seven Sane Years" are quite out of the picture. John Q. Tilson and Joe Grundy and Reed Smoot and Jim Watson and George Moses are as completely severed from the life of the nation as poor Nick Longworth in his grave.

Bishop Cannon, bereft of his temporal power, Scott McBride and Deets Pickett and all the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, reduced to futility, have joined the ranks of the Imperial Wizard of the Invisible Empire and the Kleagles in the outer darkness. And to complete the record Al Capone is in jail.

To understand what has happened to us and why this glittering galaxy of performers was chased off the stage, we must understand that in those Seven Sane Years two of the oldest enemies lodged inside the human spirit were in deadly combat and upon two very different fields. These two enemies were the spirit of control, of regulation on one hand, and the spirit of freedom and independence on the other. And they fought it out in our social life and our economic life—two distinct battles in which the combatants were more or less the same, but in which they managed to shift their sides as they moved from one battlefield to the other. You could see Mr. Hoover striking lusty blows for "rugged individualism" on the economic front but knocking over sconces for his "noble experiment" quite as vigorously in the other sector. On the other hand, Senator Wagner fought valiantly for a planned society in the economic field, while he championed as vigorously the ideal of personal freedom against the drys.

It is a little strange that at the moment when the crusaders for regulating personal morals and mental processes by law set out to win their final battle there should have been an upsurgence of flaming youth such as this sober and sedate nation of fireside lovers had never known. The crusade for regulation did not come as the reaction of this era of lawlessness. On the contrary, it came first. On one side grew up the innumerable forces of restraint—the Methodist college of cardinals, to make us sober and sad, to keep us pure and beautiful; the Ku Klux Klan, to keep us white and Nordic; the hundred per cent Americans back of all the witch hunting which began with A. Mitchell Palmer, to shut out alien ideas and alien agitators, they began by excluding subversive red economic ideas and ended by shutting out Voltaire's "Candide." We had boards of censors, the revision and purification of school books, the Scopes trial and the holy war on evolution, warfare on Sunday movies, Sunday ball games, the devil and Al Smith and an amazing mobilization of energy to nail down the status quo, preserve the ancient faith, vitalize the old gods and the old slogans and keep America free, white, pure, protestant and sober.

At the same time we had what was doubtless the most violent revolt against established manners and ideas of morality and religion this country has ever seen. Beyond doubt the war shook us loose from our settled moorings, broke down carefully erected religious and ethical barriers inside the minds of the younger people of both sexes. Wars always do. After our own Civil War, there was at the North, not only the same kind of vulgar flaunting of newly acquired riches in New York and Saratoga and Long Branch and Newport, but loose conduct and lawless youth. Magnificent bar-rooms and gaudy hotels and race tracks and glamorous brothels and ornate palaces shocked the sober men and women who had just got over their aboli-

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tionist spree. But this spirit broke out far more virulently after the last war. And it was helped along by the automobile and prohibition. The flapper, the flivver, Freud and gin ran wild over the land. There was no organized movement back of it. The population just broke out.

While all this went on, while Scott McBride and Mrs. Sabin, Bishop Cannon and Bernarr MacFadden fought for possession of the souls of the people, another collection of combatants were at grips for possession of their pocketbooks. For some sixty years now this bitter contest between those who believe in regulating business and those who cling to the old doctrine of "let alone" have been fighting it out. It began with the era of large-scale corporate business around the seventies. Control won its first victory with the adoption of the Interstate Commerce law in 1886, its second with the passage of old John Sherman's anti-trust law in 1890, and the battle has continued with growing ferocity. It includes a long series of victories for the army of regulation such as factory-inspection laws, child-labor laws, utility regulation, railroad regulatory statutes, workmen's compensation, blue-sky laws and most important of all, the Clayton law and the Federal Trade Commission.

In spite of this growing interference in business by the government, the country as a whole, and most of its public men, clung with a kind of religious devotion to the doctrine of laissez-faire and its twin dogma, individualism. This was part of the heritage from the philosophy of Jefferson and the fathers who, in a new and rich country, had revolted against the numerous trade ordinances with which England sought to control the commerce of her colonies. Adam Smith was the adored parent of the school which had challenged the wisdom of that kind of state paternalism which got its chief impetus under Louis XIV's great minister, Colbert, whose policies would make an excellent study today for the protagonists of the planned economy. American statesmen who never heard of Colbert or read the "Wealth of Nations" knew, however, that Thomas Jefferson had uttered the gospel and thereafter they paid lip service to laissez-faire and individualism, got that philosophy horribly mixed up with protective duties, corporation laws, sugar bounties, railroad subsidies, trade commissions, and all manner of mercantilist paternalism.

Hence despite the generally accepted letter of the scriptures according to Jefferson, there was in the minds of most men a growing feeling that somehow our society was getting out of hand; that there were immense areas of human conduct and economic contacts to which government did not seem to reach at all; that there were new forces, too powerful for the individual or the unorganized community to cope with.

The instrument responsible for this half-understood menace was the corporation. This legal device was, in its inception, a means for uniting the resources of a number of men in a single enterprise. But as it developed it became a means by which one man or a few men could unite in themselves the resources and powers of a great many. It became quickly enough a weapon which the acquisitive man seized upon with glee. In his hand he discovered its amazing possibilities with something of the almost childish delight with which the newly acquired machine gun filled the gangster. For more than a dozen years, corporation lawyers tinkered with this weapon, perfected it, fitted it with accessories like Class A and Class B stock, no par stock, limited director liabilities, dummy directors, and a host of other legal gadgets which added enormously to its power, its speed and efficiency.

The writer, the artist, the architect, the musician, the ordinary business man could perform to the limit of his own personal resources. But the acquisitive man with a fully equipped charter in his possession could unite in his hands the resources of hundreds of thousands of people, just as Samuel Insull got into his hands the light and power resources of five thousand American communities.

Thus the acquisitive man could give free reign to his acquisitive instincts and talents. He could, of course, acquire vast wealth, with which he could, in turn, exercise a power out of all proportion to the other individuals in the community whose services and activities were along different lines. He could buy anything. He could buy votes. He could buy a seat in the Senate or the Cabinet. His money was more eloquent than the oratory of the most powerful statesman. He could indeed buy statesmen. He could buy writers and artists. He could buy newspapers and magazines. In time, when there were enough men like him, united, not in any recognizable organization, but through the cohesive power of plunder and interest, they were able, with the resources of almost the whole nation combined under their control, to speak with the voice of autocrats and to enforce their opinions and wishes by means of their control over all the avenues of communication, investment, and credit.

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It was very natural that there should grow up a demand for the control of these men. It was equally natural that they should resist that control. But the little understood aspect of this is that all the time they were for control—drastic, relentless control. In every trade forces made their appearance which tended to destroy the prosperity of the trade. Lawless competition, the practices of other trades on which they impinged, the designs of over-ambitious men, the power of workers to harm them, the difficulties of credit. It was plain to every business man, big and little, that in some way these forces must yield to regulation, to government. But they proposed to supply that government themselves.

The interesting feature in this is that it was the business man, who denounced control of industry, who really favored control, and the government, which was berated for attempting control, which was really opposed to control. Government interference was almost wholly for the purpose of preventing control, not exercising it. Business, by a curious twist of ideas, defended control, by invoking the ancient and revered principle of individualism and laissez-faire. It proposed to regulate itself, lodging the powers of regulation in the hands of the owners entirely, with the workers and the consuming public which paid all the bills carefully excluded and this it defended with the slogan of "self-rule in industry."

In spite of the Sherman law, in spite of persistent government surveillance, all sorts of invisible controls were introduced into trade. There were the trade associations and their codes of ethics; their trade practice agreements; there were the selling agencies for international action under the Webb-Pomerene law; there were the unlawful and destructive working agreements in the building trades, to say nothing of all sorts of private price arrangements. And it was to permit this to go forward undisturbed that Warren Harding's ill-starred slogan of "More business in government and less government in business" was invented. This catch phrase really gave the era just ended its chief significance. His devotion to it was the secret of Calvin Coolidge's great appeal to organized business. He sat in the White House with his eyes closed for six years. In times of peace, said Frank Kent, business men believe that the country is really better off without a President. And they liked Coolidge, he explained, because he was the next best thing to no President at all. But it is important to remember that government was to be kept out of business, not to promote individualism, but to make possible self-rule in industry, which meant rule by the masters of industry. This is the thing which has broken down in America—the idea that the fortunes, the economic security of 123 million people can be left to the management of a comparatively small number of absolutely irresponsible men, however honest, working out the economic problems of a whole nation in terms of their own interests.

And now at the end of four years of continuous movement downward the idea that has definitely formed in the mass mind of America is that the old policy of letting society alone to drift in whatever way it may go from the countless unco-ordinated pushes of millions of hands is over and done. And this marks the end of an era in America.

Little by little the population has discovered that the eminent gentlemen who met in conference at the President's call following the now historic market crash of October, 1929, had not the faintest idea what it was all about. The carefully constructed image of the divine business man has toppled over without a push. And if there were any lurking doubts, they were removed as we beheld the spectacle of the wild, disordered rush of the self-sufficient captains to the government for help. The whole population has turned out for the dole, from the great gentlemen of the realm who were settling the affairs of the world but a few months before down to the rawest bonus marcher. Great bankers who eighteen months before went to Washington to lecture Congress on how banks should be run yelled in panic to the R. F. C. to save them from bankruptcy and then, with the life line in their hands, they sank into bankruptcy anyhow. Railroad presidents who sneered at government interference clamored for cash. Mr. Atterbury wanted 30 million for his road. Even the New York Central borrowed money to pay rents. The Van Sweringen brothers, the young Napoleons of the Seven Sane Years, wanted more millions. Mr. Fred Kent, who when the depression started shook his finger at Congress and declared it was all caused by the Senate's discussion of the tariff law, now thinks that Congress should underwrite the losses of industry. The leaders of private business have abdicated and the population has pretty definitely taken them at their own appraisal. Whatever the plans for our redemption may be, one thing is certain, we will now live on plans. The day of Mr. Hoover's rugged individualism is done and so is the day of Mr. Thomas Jefferson's planless republic of independent proprietors.

A very much sobered people, we will now march off upon a very different road. Marx in his heaven doubtless snickers in his beard and mutters to the other saints about economic determinism. The Sons of the Lord, who only a year or two ago were fighting liquor as the instrument of Satan, are now ready to revise their views as they look about for new things to tax. Partly because they were ready for change but largely under the pressure of persuasion from the textile industries, the flappers of yesterday have lengthened their skirts and their curls. The younger generation, which was

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from eighteen to twenty-five when it broke loose, is now from thirty to within striking distance of forty and, caught in the meshes of that very matrimony at which it laughed, is sobered down to contemplate the mortgage and to look into the face of the grim economic problems which command its attention. They are as skeptical now of their old skepticism as they were of the theology of John Roach Straton and Canon Chase ten years ago. And above all, a profound blow has been struck at that easy, settled complacence which they felt, while they doubted all else, about the capitalist system as practised in America. Even their elders, now quite gray, almost patriarchal, are full of doubt about it. Some of them are wondering if it wouldn't be just as well if the United States Government had the railroads with their 12 billion dollars of bonds. More than one troubled executive would be delighted if a way could be found to unload the business which bewilders him on the government. Old age pensions, unemployment insurance are, perhaps, just around the corner. And too, more important than all, just around the corner perhaps, is the thing which may prove to be the climax of the whole drama—Guild Fascism. That, perhaps, after all is what the latest American revolution may end in.

But in any case the end is not yet. Indeed what we have witnessed may be merely the prologue to the swelling theme. The immediate preoccupation of the leaders is with getting the bulk of us out of the current depression. With any sort of lift, we shall see more and more of the recent converts to the New Deal losing their taste for it, just as Mr. Woodin now loses his appetite for banking reform "lest it upset returning business." But the millions who are in idleness and the equally numerous millions who work for five and seven and ten and fifteen dollars a week will turn out to be stubbornly interested in the long-range magic which is to give them the good life. The real test of our patience and complacence will come when that magic becomes conspicuous by its absence. Then we shall pass into the next phase of the movement.

What will that next phase be? We have but to examine the various schemes for our deliverance to form a guess.

First there are the supporters of inflation—chiefly the farmers—whose idea of ending the depression is to get the price of grain and hogs and cotton and scallions up, without much regard to how their brothers in the towns will continue to pay for them.

Second, there are those who, like Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills and Mr. Hull, following the lead of Sir Arthur Salter and the British debt revisionists, think the solution lies in correcting the international situation.

Then there are those who, with such diverse minds as John Maynard Keynes, Al Smith, and Norman Thomas, clamor for a huge program of public works.

Fourth, there are the proposals of Senator Black and Miss Perkins for the thirty-hour week—a plan to create a labor shortage.

Fifth, there is the Rorty idea to subsidize private industry and its kin, Mr. Banker Fred Kent's proposal, to have the government underwrite the losses of private industry.

Sixth, there are the planners. George Soule and Stuart Chase have hammered away at the ideal of the planned society which would be organized not for economic war, but for economic cooperation, with a national mechanism to control production and distribution, money, wages, and profit.

A moment's reflection will make it plain that all these plans, save the last, are no more than means to get us out of the hole we are in at the moment and do not even remotely touch the problem of keeping us out of another one. Some of them will father new and vexing problems and will offer no hope of anything more than getting us back into our model A's and pushing U. S. Steel back, for a brief interval, to 150. The last plan alone attempts to deal with the problem of making our economic machine function. Senator La Follette offered something which proposed a mild beginning along this road two years ago. But it got no farther than a Senate committee hearing. But now the emergency is imperious. Between fourteen and seventeen million people are out of work. Losses are devouring the capital and the credit of industry. It is not strange, therefore, that this, the only plan for regeneration and stability, makes a powerful appeal to the bewildered worker and the terrified employer. And hence, as I write, Congress prepares to embrace this plan, to pass the President's bill to bring about control of industry. Would it not be strange if, after all this talk of a planned society, the noble dream of George Soule and Stuart Chase should blossom into the old scheme of the Chamber of Commerce for "self-rule in industry"?

Would it not be a grim joke if, after the appalling default of the business man; if after he had been driven from power, the ministers of the New Deal should now unwittingly hand over to him a huge chunk of the sovereignty of the nation and enact into law the pro-

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gram of H. I. Harriman, Julius Barnes, and Doctor Klein? If one thinks this too bizarre a climax for a revolution let him read the report of the select committee of the Chamber of Commerce for the control of industry submitted to the Senate Committee by Mr. Harriman, October 26, 1931.

And why not? Our latest American revolution has been against the dominion of the prudes and censors of the old American Puritanism on one hand and against the chaos and disorder of the old American Individualism on the other. But it has not been a revolution toward any social ideal. It has been, as I have suggested, a slipping away from certainty to doubt. There is as yet no infectious emotional urge for fundamental changes spreading widely under the surface of our society. There is no uprising—only a craving for jobs; for the old high wages, for the old car again; for some one to handle the mortgage, to get prices up. The countless submerged millions who will not very soon ride back to jobs again are inarticulate, unorganized, bewildered, and lost. The change of spirit which rises to power now is in the former holders of the good jobs. This is a revolution of car owners. They are convinced that something must be done about matters without having any settled conviction as to what shall be done. And amidst this doubt the need for a planned economic society comes to the surface. And of course the side of this which comes to the top is that side already so carefully prepared by the Chamber of Commerce—a society planned by trade associations, a world of business in which production, wages, distribution, prices and the parcelling out of territory will be legislated for us by groups of business executives organized into trade associations, with the worker and the consumer left out.

The new industry-control bill turns over to these trade groups—these masters' guilds—one of the most important elements of the sovereignty of the whole people under a supervision mild and remote and inadequate, even under a socially-minded administration, but which will be feeble to the point of impotence in an administration controlled by business. And such an administration will come. And thus the revolution of 1933 arrives at its first pause, as we might have guessed, with the triumph of the great god Business.

The inevitable development of this movement will be such that neither of our present parties will be able to lift a hand against it. The New Deal will become the New Conservatism. It is not impossible that the Republican party may disappear and the Democratic party become the representative of vested property rights. Certainly one of these parties must disappear and a new voice be found to champion the rights of the whole population against this perversion of economic liberalism.

The present depression descended upon a nation which had been poisoned by a spurious prosperity and in which all the energies of the parties of protest were paralyzed. The next depression, which we are now preparing, will not find the radical and liberal elements so completely demobilized. The moment for optimism about the business future has arrived. There seems to be little doubt, if the President pushes vigorously his program for public works, that we shall see a definite and even vigorous lift in business. It is even conceivable that this may reach large proportions. We may be on the eve of a revolution in housing which will launch us into an immense volume of capital investment. But it is not conceivable that there will be a wiping out of our huge unemployment armies or any important increase in our wage levels, save by the dangerous expedient of inflation. All the elements out of which a powerful radical movement may be organized will continue to be present. While there are fairly solid grounds for optimism about an improvement in trade, there is not so much ground for optimism about any important improvement in the fundamental factors which would guarantee a continuance of good business. Not one thing has been done to deal with any of those basic diseases of the capitalistic system—our bad banking methods, our unsound money, speculation, our vicious corporation laws, our whole credit system, and the great problems of unemployment and old age, and, above all, the destructive devices for crushing us under unproductive debt.

It is but fair to say that the present administration has had little time to deal with these great questions. Its attention has been focussed, and very properly, on getting the nation in motion toward increased production and better business. My own apprehensions arise not so much out of the failure to do anything about these cancerous problems as in the apparent lack of effective interest in them. There is still a feeling that they are more or less academic questions and it is a reasonable assumption that as industry speeds up and prosperity peeps from around the corner, any attempt to deal with them later will be promptly suppressed by those who think prosperity may be frightened back to its hiding place. This being so, the next depression, upon a colossal scale, is inevitable at an early date.

Perhaps it is not too late to halt all this. We are at the crossroads now when we must choose between social control of our economic machine by organized society in the interest of society or rule by the men who control industry and in the interest of profits and wages for a limited number. The last is Guild Fascism. That is the road we are headed for.

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No Door

A Story of Time and the Wanderer

By Thomas Wolfe

. . . of wandering forever and the earth again . . . of seed-time, bloom, and the mellow-dropping harvest. And of the big flowers, the rich flowers, the strange unknown flowers.

Where shall the weary rest? When shall the lonely of heart come home? What doors are open for the wanderer, and in what place, and in what land, and in what time?

Where? Where the weary of heart can abide forever, where the weary of wandering can find peace, where the tumult, the fever, and the fret shall be forever stilled.

Who owns the earth? Did we want the earth that we should wander on it? Did we need the earth that we were never still upon it? Whoever needs the earth shall have the earth: he shall be still upon it, he shall rest within a little place, he shall dwell in one small room forever.

Did he feel the need of a thousand tongues that he sought thus through the moil and horror of ten thousand furious streets? He shall need a tongue no longer, he shall need no tongue for silence and the earth: he shall speak no word through the rooted lips, the snake's cold eye will peer for him through sockets of the brain, there will be no cry out of the heart where wells the vine.

The dead tongue withers and the dead heart rots, blind mouths crawl tunnels through the buried flesh, but the earth will endure forever; hair grows like April on the buried breast and from the sockets of the brain the death-flowers grow and will not perish.

O flower of love whose strong lips drink us downward into death, in all things far and fleeting, enchantress of our twenty thousand days, the brain will madden and the heart be twisted, broken by her kiss, but glory, glory, glory, she remains: Immortal love, alone and aching in the wilderness, we cried to you: You were not absent from our loneliness.

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OCTOBER: 1931

It is wonderful with what warm enthusiasm well-kept people who have never been alone in all their life can congratulate you on the joys of solitude. I know whereof I speak. I have been alone a great deal in my life—more than any one I know, and I also knew, for one short period in my life, a few of these well-kept people. And their passionate longing for the life of loneliness is astonishing. In the evening they are driven out to their fine house in the country where their wives and children eagerly await them; or to their magnificent apartments in the city where their lovely wife or charming mistress is waiting for them with a tender smile, a perfumed, anointed, and seductive body, and the embrace of love. And all of this is as a handful of cold dust and ashes, and a little dross.

Sometimes one of them invites you out to dinner: your host is a pleasant gentleman of forty-six, a little bald, healthily plump, well-nourished-looking, and yet with nothing gross and sensual about him. Indeed he is a most æsthetic-looking millionaire, his features, although large and generous, are full of sensitive intelligence, his manners are gentle, quietly subdued, his smile a little sad, touched faintly with a whimsy of ironic humor, as of one who has passed through all the anguish, hope, and tortured fury youth can know, and now knows what to expect from life and whose "eyelids are a little weary," patiently resigned, and not too bitter about it.

Yet life has not dealt over-harshly with our host: the evidences of his interest in un-monied, precious things is quietly, expensively, all around him. He lives in a pent-house apartment near the East River: the place is furnished with all the discrimination of a quiet but distinguished taste, he has several of Jacob Epstein's heads

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and figures, including one of himself which the sculptor made "two years ago when I was over there," and he also has a choice collection of rare books and first editions, and after admiring these treasures appreciatively, you all step out upon the roof for a moment to admire the view you get there of the river.

Evening is coming fast, and the tall frosted glasses in your hands make a thin but pleasant tinkling, and the great city is blazing there in your vision in its terrific frontal sweep and curtain of star-flung towers, now sown with the diamond pollen of a million lights, and the sun has set behind them, and the old red light of fading day is painted without violence or heat upon the river—and you see the boats, the tugs, the barges passing, and the winglike swoop of bridges with exultant joy—and night has come, and there are ships there—there are ships—and a wild intolerable longing in you that you cannot utter.

When you go back into the room again, you feel very far away from Brooklyn, where you live, and everything you felt about the city as a child, before you ever saw or knew it, now seems not only possible, but about to happen.

The great vision of the city is living in your heart in all its enchanted colors just as it did when you were twelve years old and thought about it. You think that same glorious happiness of fortune, fame, and triumph will be yours at any minute, that you are about to take your place among great men and lovely women in a life more fortunate and happy than any you have ever known—that it is all here, somehow, waiting for you and only an inch away if you will touch it, only a word away if you will speak it, only a wall, a door, a stride from you if you only knew the place where you may enter.

And somehow the old wild wordless hope awakes again that you will find it—the door that you can enter—that this man is going to tell you. The very air you breathe now is filled with the thrilling menace of some impossible good fortune. Again you want to ask him what the magic secret is that has given his life such power, authority, and ease, and made all the brutal struggle, pain, and ugliness of life, the fury, hunger, and the wandering, seem so far away, and you think he is going to tell you—to give this magic secret to you—but he tells you nothing.

Then, for a moment this old unsearchable mystery of time and the city returns to overwhelm your spirit with the horrible sensations of defeat and drowning. You see this man, his mistress, and all the other city people you have known in shapes of deathless brightness, and yet their life and time are stranger to you than a dream, and you think that you are doomed to walk among them always as a phantom who can never grasp their life or make their time your own. It seems to you now that you are living in a world of creatures who have learned to live without weariness or agony of the soul, in a life which you can never touch, approach or apprehend; a strange city-race who have never lived in a dimension of time that is like your own, and that can be measured in minutes, hours, days, and years, but in dimensions of fathomless and immemorable sensation; who can be remembered only at some moment in their lives nine thousand enthusiasms back, twenty thousand nights of drunkenness ago, eight hundred parties, four million cruelties, nine thousand treacheries or fidelities, two hundred love affairs gone by—and whose lives therefore take on a fabulous and horrible age of sensation, that has never known youth or remembered innocence and that induces in you the sensation of drowning in a sea of horror, a sea of blind, dateless, and immemorable time. There is no door.

But now your host, with his faintly bitter and ironic smile, has poured himself out another good stiff drink of honest rye into a tall thin glass that has some ice in it, and smacked his lips around it with an air of rumination, and, after two or three reflective swallows, begins to get a trifle sorrowful about the life harsh destiny has picked out for him.

While his mistress sits prettily upon the fat edge of an upholstered chair, stroking her cool and delicate fingers gently over his knit brows, and while his good man Ponsonby or Kato is quietly "laying out his things" for dinner, he stares gloomily ahead, and with a bitter smile congratulates you on the blessed luck that has permitted you to live alone in the Armenian section of South Brooklyn.

Well, you say, living alone in South Brooklyn has its drawbacks. The place you live in is shaped just like a pullman car, except that it is not so long and has only one window at each end. There are bars over the front window that your landlady has put there to keep the thugs in that sweet neighborhood from breaking in; in winter the place is cold and dark, and sweats

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with clammy water, in summer you do all the sweating yourself, but you do plenty of it, quite enough for any one; the place gets hot as hell.

Moreover—and here you really begin to warm up to your work—when you get up in the morning the sweet aroma of the old Gowanus Canal gets into your nostrils, into your mouth, into your lungs, into everything you do, or think, or say! It is, you say, one huge gigantic Stink, a symphonic Smell, a vast organ-note of stupefying odor, cunningly contrived, compacted, and composted of eighty-seven separate several putrefactions; and with a rich and mounting enthusiasm, you name them all for him. There is in it, you say, the smell of melted glue and of burned rubber. It has in it the fragrance of deceased, decaying cats, the odor of rotten cabbage, prehistoric eggs, and old tomatoes; the smell of burning rags and putrefying offal; mixed with the fragrance of a boneyard horse, now dead, the hide of a skunk, and the noisome stenches of a stagnant sewer; it has as well the——

But at this moment your host throws his head back and, with a look of rapture on his face, draws in upon the air the long full respiration of ecstatic satisfaction, as if, in this great panoply of smells, he really had found the breath of life itself, and then cries:

"Wonderful! Wonderful! Oh, simply *swell! Marvellous!*" he cries and then throws back his head again, with a shout of exultant laughter.

"Oh, John!" his lady says at this point with a troubled look upon her lovely face, "I don't think you'd like a place like that at *all*. It sounds simply *dreadful!* I don't like to hear of it," she says, with a pretty little shudder of distaste. "I think it's simply terrible that they let people live in places like that!"

"Oh!" he says, "it's wonderful! The power, the richness, and the beauty of it all!" he cries.

Well, you agree, it's wonderful enough. And it's got power and richness—sure enough! As to the beauty—that's a different matter. You are not so sure of that—but even as you say this you remember many things. You remember a powerful big horse, slow-footed, shaggy in the hoof, with big dappled spots of iron gray upon it that stood one brutal day in August by the curb. Its driver had unhitched it from the wagon and it stood there with its great patient head bent down in an infinite and quiet sorrow, and a little boy with black eyes and a dark face was standing by it holding some sugar in his hand, and its driver, a man who had the tough seamed face of the city, stepped in on the horse with a bucket full of water which he threw against the horse's side. For a second, the great flanks shuddered gratefully and began to smoke, the man stepped back on to the curb and began to look the animal over with a keen deliberate glance, and the boy stood there, rubbing his hand quietly into the horse's muzzle, and talking softly to it all the time.

Then you remember how a tree that leaned over into the narrow little alley where you lived had come to life that year, and how you watched it day by day as it came into its moment's glory of young magic green. And you remember a raw, rusty street along the waterfront, with its naked and brutal life, its agglomeration of shacks, tenements, and slums and huge grimy piers, its unspeakable ugliness and beauty, and you remembered how you came along this street one day at sunset, and saw all of the colors of the sun and harbor, flashing, blazing, shifting in swarming motes, in an iridescent web of light and color for an instant on the blazing side of a proud white ship.

And you start to tell your host what it was like and how the evening looked and felt—of the thrilling smell and savor of the huge deserted pier, of the fading light upon old rusty brick of shambling houses, and of the blazing beauty of that swarming web of light and color on the ship's great prow, but when you start to tell about it, you cannot, nor ever recapture the feeling of mystery, exultancy, and wild sorrow that you felt then.

Yes, there has been beauty enough—enough to burst the heart, madden the brain, and tear the sinews of your life asunder—but what is there to say? You remember all these things, and then ten thousand others, but when you start to tell the man about them, you cannot.

Instead you just tell him about the place you live in: of how dark and hot it is in summer, how clammy cold in winter, and of how hard it is to get anything good to eat. You tell him about your landlady who is a hard-bitten ex-reporter. You tell him what a good and liberal-hearted woman she is; how rough and ready, full of life and energy, how she likes drinking and the fellowship of drinking men, and knows all the rough and seamy side of life which a newspaper reporter gets to know.

You tell how she has been with murderers before their execution, got the story from them or their moth-

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ers, climbed over sides of ships to get a story, forced herself in at funerals, followed burials to the graveyard, trampled upon every painful, decent, sorrowful emotion of mankind—all to get that story; and still remains a decent woman, an immensely good, generous, and lusty-living person, and yet an old maid, and a puritan, somehow, to the roots of her soul.

You tell how she went mad several years before, and spent two years in an asylum; you tell how moments of this madness still come back to her, and of how you went home one night several months before, to find her stretched out on your bed, only to rise and greet you as the great lover of her dreams—Doctor Eustace McNamee, a name, a person, and a love she had invented for herself. Then you tell of her fantastic family, her three sisters and her father, all touched with the same madness, but without her energy, power, and high ability; and of how she has kept the whole crowd going since her eighteenth year.

You tell about the old man who is an inventor who does not invent; of how he invented a corkscrew with the cork attached that would not cork; an unlockable lock; an unbreakable looking-glass that wouldn't look. And you tell how the year before he inherited $120,000—the first money he had ever had—and promptly took it down to Wall Street where he was as promptly shorn of it, meanwhile sending his wife and daughters to Europe in the nuptial suite of a palatial liner and cabling them when they wanted to come back: "Push on to Rome, my children! Push on, push on! Your father's making millions!"

Yes, all this, and a hundred other things about this incredible, mad, fantastic, and yet high-hearted family which I had found in a dingy alleyway in Brooklyn I could tell my host. And I could tell him a thousand other things about the people all about me—of the Armenians, Spaniards, Irishmen in the alley who came home on week days and turned on the radio, until the whole place was yelling with a hundred dissonances, and who came home on Saturday to get drunk and beat their wives—the whole intimate course and progress of their lives published nakedly from a hundred open windows with laugh, shout, scream, and curse.

I could tell him how they fought, got drunk, and murdered; how they robbed, held up, and blackjacked, how they whored and stole and killed—all of which was part of the orderly and decent course of life for them—and yet, how they could howl with outraged modesty, complain to the police, and send a delegation to us when the young nephew of my landlady lay for an hour upon our patch of backyard grass clad only in his bathing trunks.

"Yuh gotta nekkid man out deh!" they said, in tones of hushed accusatory horror.

Yes, we—good sir, who are so fond of irony—we, old Whittaker, the inventor, and Mad Maude, his oldest daughter, who would grumble at a broken saucer, and then stuff lavish breakfasts down your throat, who would patiently water twenty little feet of backyard earth from April until August, and until the grass grew beautifully, and then would turn twenty skinny, swarthy, and half-naked urchins loose into it to stamp it into muddy ruin in twenty minutes while she played the hose upon their grimy little bodies; we, this old man, his daughters, and his grandson, three bank clerks, a cartoonist, two young fellows who worked for Hearst, and myself; we, good sir, who sometimes brought a girl into our rooms, got drunk, wept, confessed sinful and unworthy lives, read Shakespeare, Milton, Whitman, Donne, the Bible—and the sporting columns—we, young, foolish, old, mad, and bewildered as we were, but who had never murdered, robbed, or knocked the teeth out of a woman; we, who were fairly decent, kind, and liberal-hearted people as the world goes, were the pariahs of Balcony Square—called so because there was neither square nor balconies, but just a little narrow alleyway.

Yes, we were suspect, enemies to order and the public morals, shameless partakers in an open and indecent infamy, and our neighbors looked at us with all the shuddering reprehension of their mistrustful eyes as they beat their wives like loving husbands, cut each other's throats with civic pride, and went about their honest toil of murder, robbery, and assault like the self-respecting citizens they were.

Meanwhile a man was murdered, with his head bashed in, upon the step of a house three doors below me; and a drunken woman got out of an automobile one night at two o'clock, screaming indictments of her escort to the whole neighborhood.

"Yuh gotta pay me, ya big bum!" she yelled. "Yuh gotta pay me now! Give me my three dollehs, or I'll go home an' make my husband beat it out of yah!"

"Staht actin' like a lady!" said the man in lower tones. "I won't pay yuh till yuh staht actin' like a lady! Yuh gotta staht actin' like a lady!" he insisted, with a touching devotion to the rules of gallantry.

And this had continued until he had started the engine of his car and driven off at furious speed, leaving her to wander up and down the alleyway for hours, screaming and sobbing, cursing foully and calling down the vengeance of her husband on this suitor who had thus misused her—an indictment that had continued unmolested until three young ambitious thugs had seized the opportunity to go out and rob her; they passed my window running, in the middle of the night, one fearful and withdrawing, saying, "Jeez! I'm sick! I don't feel good! Wait a minute! Youse guys go on an' do it by yourself! I want a cup of coffee!"—And the others snarling savagely:

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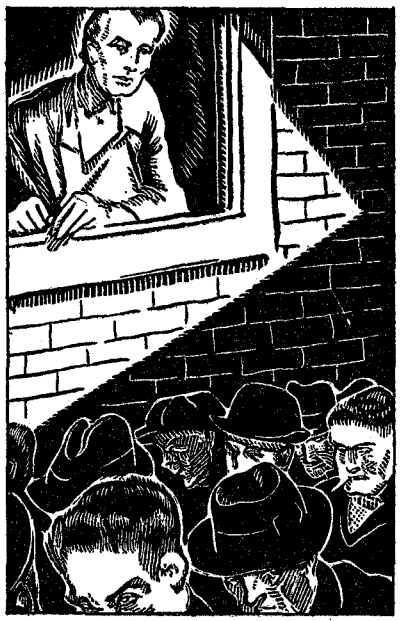
"Come on! Come on, yuh yellah bastad! If yah don't come on, I'll moiduh yuh!" And they had gone, their quick feet scampering nimbly in the dark, while the woman's drunken and demented howls came faintly from the other end, and then had ceased.



Your host has been enchanted by that savage chronicle. He smites himself upon the brow with rapture, crying "Oh, grand! *Grand!* What a lucky fellow you are! If I were in your place I'd be the happiest man alive!"

You take a look about you and say nothing.

"To be free! To go about and see these things!" he cries. "To live among real people! To see life as it is, in the raw—the *real* stuff, not like this!" he says with a weary look at all the suave furnishings of illusion that surround him. "And above all else to be *alone!*"

You ask him if he has ever been alone, if he knows what loneliness is like. You try to tell him, but he knows about this too. He smiles faintly, ironically, and dismisses it, and you, with a wise man's weary tolerance of youth: "I know! I know!!" he sighs. "But all of us are lonely, and after all, my boy, the real loneliness for most of us is *here"*—and he taps himself a trifle to the left of the third shirt-stud, in the presumptive region of his heart. "But you! Free, young, and footloose, with the whole world to explore—You have a fine life! What more, in God's name, could a man desire?"

Well, what is there to say? For a moment, the blood is pounding at your temples, a hot retort springs sharp and bitter to your lips, and you feel that you could tell him many things. You could tell him, and not be very nice or dainty with it, that there's a hell of a lot more that a man desires: good food and wonderful companions, comfort, ease, security, a lovely woman like the one who sits beside him now, and an end to loneliness—but what is there to say?

For you are what you are, you know what you know, and there are no words for loneliness, black, bitter, aching loneliness, that gnaws the roots of silence in the night. It lies beside us in the darkness while the river flows, it fills as with wild secret song and the unmeasured desolations of gray time, and it abides with us forever, and is still, until we cannot root it from our blood or pluck it from our soul or unweave it from our brain. Its taste is acrid, sharp, and bitter at the edges of our mouth, and it is with us, in us, and around us all the time, our jail, our captive, and our master, all in one, whose dark visage we cannot decipher from our own, whom we have fought, loved, hated, finally accepted, and with whom we must abide now to our death forever.

So what is there to say? There has been life enough, and power, grandeur, joy enough, and there has also been beauty enough, and God knows there has been squalor and filth and misery and madness and despair enough; murder and cruelty and hate enough, and loneliness enough to fill your bowels with the substance of gray horror, and to crust your lips with its hard and acrid taste of desolation.

And oh, there has been time enough, even in Brooklyn there is time enough, strange time, dark secret time enough, dark million-visaged time enough, forever flowing by you like a river, even in cellar-depths in Brooklyn there is time enough, but when you try to tell the man about it you cannot, for what is there to say?

For suddenly you remember how the tragic light of evening falls even on the huge and rusty jungle of the earth that is known as Brooklyn and on the faces of all the men with dead eyes and with flesh of tallow gray, and of how even in Brooklyn they lean upon the sills of evening in that sad hushed light. And you remember how you lay one evening on your couch in your cool cellar depth in Brooklyn, and listened to the sounds of evening and to the dying birdsong in your tree; and you remember how two windows were thrown up, and you heard two voices—a woman's and a man's—begin to speak in that soft tragic light. And the memory of their words came back to you, like the haunting refrain of some old song—as it was heard and lost in Brooklyn.

"Yuh musta been away," said one, in that sad light.

"Yeah, I been away. I just got back," the other said.

"Yeah? Dhat's just what I was t'inkin'," said the other. "I'd been t'inkin' dat yuh musta been away."

"Yeah, I been away on my vacation. I just got back."

"Oh, yeah? Dat's what I t'ought meself. I was t'inkin' just duh otheth day dat I hadn't seen yuh f'r some time, 'I guess she's gone away,' I says."

And then for seconds there was silence—save for the dying birdsong, voices in the street, faint sounds and shouts and broken calls, and something hushed in evening, far, immense, and murmurous in the air.

"Well, wat's t' noos since I been gone?" the voice went out in quietness in soft tragic light. "Has anyt'ing happened sinct I was away?"

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"Nah! Nuttin's happened," the other made reply. "About duh same as usual—*you* know?" it said with difficult constraint inviting intuitions for the spare painfulness of barren tongues.

"Yeah, I know," the other answered with a tranquil resignation—and there was silence then in Brooklyn.

"I guess Fatheh Grogan died sinct you was gone," a voice began.

"Oh, yeah?" the other voice replied with tranquil interest.

"Yeah."

And for a waiting moment there was silence.

"Say, dat's too bad, isn't it?" the quiet voice then said with comfortless regret.

"Yeah. He died on Sattiday. When he went home on Friday night, he was O. K."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

And for a moment they were balanced in strong silence.

"Gee, dat was tough, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Dey didn't find him till duh next day at ten o'clock. When dey went to look for him he was lyin' stretched out on duh bat' room floeh."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. Dey found him lyin' deh," it said.

And for a moment more the voices hung in balanced silence.

"Gee, dat's too bad. . . . I guess I was away when all dat happened."

"Yeah. Yuh musta been away."

"Yeah, dat was it, I guess. I musta been away. Oddehwise I woulda hoid. I was away."

"Well, so long, kid. . . . I'll be seein' yuh."

"Well, so long!"

A window closed, and there was silence; evening and far sounds and broken cries in Brooklyn, Brooklyn, in the formless, rusty, and unnumbered wilderness of life.

And now the old red light fades swiftly from the old red brick of rusty houses, and there are voices in the air, and somewhere music, and we are lying there, blind atoms in our cellar-depths, gray voiceless atoms on the manswarm desolation of the earth, and our fame is lost, our names forgotten, our powers are wasting from us like mined earth, while we lie here at evening and the river flows . . . and dark time is feeding like a vulture on our entrails, and we know that we are lost, and cannot stir . . . and there are ships there! there are ships! . . . and Christ! we are all dying in the darkness! . . . and yuh musta been away . . . yuh musta been away. . . .

And that is a moment of dark time, that is one of strange million-visaged time's dark faces.

II

OCTOBER: 1923

My life, more than the life of any one I know, has been spent in solitude and wandering. Why this is true, or how it happened, I have never known; yet it is so. From my fifteenth year—save for a single interval—I have lived about as solitary a life as a modern man can have. I mean by this that the number of hours, days, months, and years—the actual time that I have spent alone—has been immense and extraordinary.

And this fact is all the more astonishing because I never seemed to seek out solitude, nor did I shrink from life, or seek to build myself into a wall away from all the fury and the turmoil of the earth. Rather, I loved life so dearly that I was driven mad by the thirst and hunger which I felt for it.

At college, I would prowl the stacks of the great library at night pulling books out of a thousand shelves and reading in them like a mad man. The thought of these vast stacks of books would drive me mad; the more I read, the less I seemed to know; the greater the number of the books I read, the greater the immense uncountable number of those which I could never read would seem to be. Within a period of ten years I read at least twenty thousand volumes—deliberately I have set the number low—and opened the pages and looked through many times that number. If this seems unbelievable, I am sorry for it, but it happened. Yet all this terrific orgy of the books brought me no comfort, peace, or wisdom of the mind and heart. Instead, my fury and despair increased from what it fed upon, my hunger mounted with the food it ate.

And it was the same with everything I did.

For this fury which drove me on to read so many books had nothing to do with scholarship, nothing to do with academic honors, nothing to do with formal learning. I was not in any way a scholar and did not want to be one. I simply wanted to know about everything on earth; I wanted to devour the earth, and it drove me mad when I saw I could not do this. In the midst of a furious burst of reading in the enormous library, the thought of the streets outside and the great city all around me would drive through my body like a sword. It would now seem to me that every second that I passed among the books was being wasted—that at this moment something priceless, irrecoverable was happening in the streets, and that if I could only get to it in time and see it, I would somehow get the knowledge of the whole thing in me—the source, the well, the spring from which all men and words and actions, and every design upon this earth proceed.

And I would rush out in the streets to find it, be hurled through the tunnel into Boston and then spend

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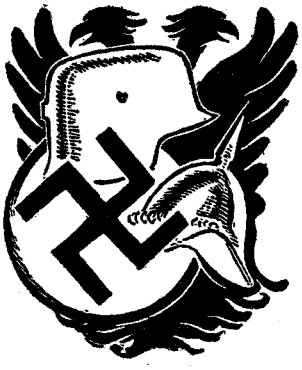

Götterdämmerung

By Suzanne La Follette

In the twilight of the German industrial gods comes Adolph Hitler. Is he a prelude to a new barbarism? What follows may determine the future of German culture and the German people.

THE crash of a civilization is an easy thing to predict; it is exciting to read about in a comfortable later era; and it is an agonizing thing to experience. With relation to the time-sense of the individual it is like a slow-motion picture-drama, each phase of which unhurriedly rolls itself out to inexorable and intolerable completeness. The current phase which is thus unrolling itself in Germany may be considered worth a paragraph by a future Gibbon, but to the contemporary German scapegoat—the persecuted Jew, Communist, or Socialist—it must seem a long-drawn-out nightmare, a cruel and interminable major operation undergone without anæsthetic.

The observer placed at a safe distance can regard it somewhat more objectively—read it, as it were, like the beginning of a chapter in Gibbon, deducing the end from the general trend of the events already narrated. Thus seen, the rise of the Nazis to power appears as a logical and indeed inevitable stage in German capitalist history—and, what is important for us, a probable impending phase in the history of all capitalist countries. It is, to be sure, an expression of national hysteria induced by defeat and the subsequent hardship and humiliation suffered at the hands of victors drunk with power. But this fact, and the further fact that its leaders give every sign of being lunatics—with a lunatic shrewdness, too—need not blind one to its essential nature as the desperate expedient of a thwarted but still powerful capitalism against the growing discontent of the workers.

When I visited Germany in 1931 I was astonished at the rapidity with which it was becoming state-capitalist, which is to say, of course, at the rapidity with which the capitalists were effecting a direct liaison between themselves and the government—becoming the government to all intents and purposes. It was just after the financial collapse of July, when the government had taken over control of the principal banks and consequently of the industries which those banks controlled. I was informed on good authority that the country was then more than 25 per cent state-capitalist. Within six months a letter from an experienced and reliable observer informed me that the percentage had already risen to more than 60.

Now there are several advantages to be derived by capitalism from direct control of the state organization, of which the most important is that the capitalists are thus enabled to place the burden of their losses on the taxpayers. I remember suggesting to a certain banker in Berlin that German capitalism seemed to have taken Russia for its model. "Yes," he answered frankly, "but our purpose is to protect capital; the Russian purpose is to use capital for the benefit of labor."

To protect capital by thrusting under its collapsing structure the cushion of the taxing power; this is the purpose of state-capitalist measures, in Germany and elsewhere. The advantage to the capitalists is obvious; and so is the further advantage of being able to make resistance to capitalist oppression appear as resistance to government. The capitalists can bring the armed forces of the state to bear against discontent among the workers, without any need to wait for or to create occasions to "maintain law and order."

For such a state of things necessarily implies attacks upon the workers. A capitalism in need of the cushion of the taxing-power is in no position to make concessions to labor; on the contrary it is forced to take away from labor such concessions as it has made in its prosperous years. Another German banker with whom I spoke remarked that wages must come down. "Can your workers stand it?" I asked, and he replied as calmly as if he were commenting on the weather, "Well, of course, it is going to take a good deal of starvation to get us through this depression."

And what has all this to do with Hitler? I am coming to that. The predominant force—not, be it noted, the controlling, but the predominant, force—in Republican Germany was the Social Democratic party. This party was the most numerous and highly organized in the Reich; no government could function without its

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consent. But although it was a working-class party, it was revolutionary only in its window-dressing. Its leaders had no wish to create the proletarian state about which they talked in their campaign-oratory; the height of their ambition was to fill government jobs in the capitalist state and associate with aristocrats and wealthy bourgeois. They had their chance to establish a workers' state just after the war, and they not only did not take advantage of it but they smashed, with the aid of a reactionary general, the Spartacist attempt at a proletarian revolution, and afterward ferreted out the two leaders, Luxembourg and Liebknecht, and betrayed them into the hands of monarchist assassins.

How, then, did they keep their hold on the workers? Through their powerful organization, built up over a long period of years, and the prestige they had gained before the War. Their pre-War policy had consisted chiefly in getting concessions for the workers from the exploiting class, and they had been successful in a remarkable degree; the Kaiser's government had adopted many meliorist Socialist measures. Their post-War policy had to be somewhat different; capitalism could make no more concessions. The Social Democrats had to fall back upon the defensive, and minimize, or appear to minimize, the raids of capitalism upon the gains the working class had made. As suffering and consequent unrest among the workers increased, so did the hold upon them of the Social Democratic party diminish; it lost votes to the Left and to the Right. It ceased to be a practicable tool for a capitalism forced by its own perilous position to resort to a policy of direct action against the workers. The instrument of the attack was ready in the Fascist movement which the German industrialists had been subsidizing for the purpose.

German capitalism was driven to this hazardous expedient—for the resort to fascism is extremely hazardous, as I shall show later—by its own desperate situation. It was frightfully crippled by the war. During the inflation it recouped its losses at the expense of labor by the simple method of fixing prices in gold marks and paying workers in depreciated paper currency. After the collapse of 1923 and the adoption of the Dawes plan, foreign capital was easy to obtain. High interest rates, the myth of German efficiency, and the incapacity of bankers to think six months ahead all contributed to the ease with which streams of foreign gold were attracted to the "rehabilitated" German Republic. German industrialists borrowed enormously and proceeded to expand their capital equipment. They were getting ready to produce exports in order to pay reparations. For of course reparations could be paid only by a tremendous surplus of exports over imports. But the other capitalist countries would have none of it. Allowing Germany to pay reparations meant allowing German exports to compete with their own goods in world markets, and this on terms most disadvantageous to themselves, for the only way in which Germany could maintain a large surplus of exports over imports was through reducing the German workers to the status of slaves. It meant, in short, "dumping" on a scale that would have ruined all competing capitalist nations. Up went tariffs, down went German production, followed by a sudden stoppage of the golden stream from abroad. Then came crisis, moratorium, and the abandonment of reparations. Came, too, the virtual abandonment of the magnificent new industrial equipment. Huge factories stood idle or working at a small percentage of capacity, representing several billion dollars of frozen long-term foreign loans. And unemployment shot up tremendously, while workers actually employed fared little better than their jobless fellow-workers.

The functioning of the democratic system had already become manifestly impossible before the elections in the fall of 1930. All parties were preparing for dictatorship. And virtual dictatorship followed under the Bruening government. But Bruening was a moderate. After the crash of 1931 he made the wage cuts demanded by the capitalists; but he did another thing which did not please them so well: he undertook to cut prices as arbitrarily as he had cut wages. He attempted, that is, to mitigate the hardships visited upon the workers; but by the same token he nullified in a measure the benefits of the wage cuts to the capitalists. Then he conceived a plan to colonize large numbers of the unemployed on the land, and thereby alienated those intransigent monopolists the Junkers. There was nothing for it now but a sharp turn to the Right, which came with the von Papen and von Schleicher governments. Neither of these could rally sufficient popular support. Both Communists and Fascists were steadily gaining ground. It became a choice between Communist revolution and participation in the government by the only party which was popular in its organization and reactionary in its intent—the Fascist party.

The person who wonders that an avowedly revolutionary movement, its leaders breathing threats against the capitalist system of ownership and the republican form of government, its rank and file organized in military discipline, should have been permitted to build itself up within a political democracy, may find the explanation by looking behind the bellicose pretensions of the movement to the economic sources of its strength —for political movements do not live by oratory alone or even chiefly. It has been very well known from the first that the financial powers behind Hitler were the great German industrialists. (If an article which appeared in *Weltbuehne* a couple of years ago was based on accurate information, the movement has also had

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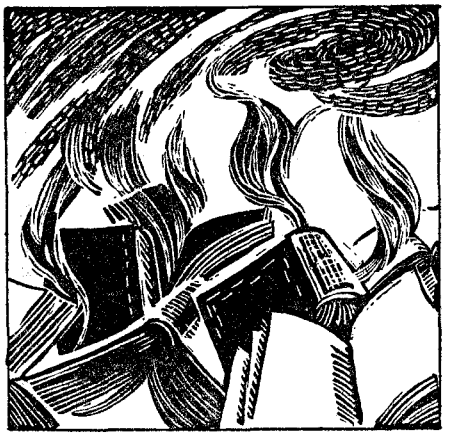

support from those French industrialists who have been manœuvring ever since the War for a place at the German trough.) To crush a movement so supported would be difficult even for a government which set itself whole-heartedly to the task; for a government made up of people who, faced with the choice between fascism and communism, would be found on the side of fascism, it was impossible, as Bruening found a year ago when he tried to suppress the military aspects of the movement and its terrorist tactics.

It is hardly necessary here to do more than touch upon the make-up and psychology of the Fascist movement; these have already been pretty widely publicized. Its rank and file consists chiefly of déclassé bourgeois who have been ruined by the War, inflation, and capitalist concentration, and who have grown more bourgeois psychologically as the means of supporting their bourgeois status have vanished. Their leaders have kept them in line by appealing to their hates—against workers, big capitalists, Jews, and above all the humiliating and ruinous terms of the Treaty of Versailles. For the most part the actual party members—the storm-troops—are young, which means that they are peculiarly apt instruments of unreasoning brutality—and a movement which has built itself up by exploiting hates will not, cannot, stop at frightfulness when access to power unleashes those hates.

And precisely in these explosive hates lies the danger of fascism to the very capitalists who have forged it as a final weapon against the workers. At the moment of writing the Hitlerites are carrying out only that part of their program of hate which relates to Jews, radicals, and moderates. Tomorrow they may turn against the system whose financial support has brought them to power. They will hardly abolish the system; the alternative is communism, and they are as much opposed to the wiping out of class barriers as the most extreme reactionaries. But it is conceivable that they may reduce the profits of its beneficiaries sufficiently to rehabilitate the small peasantry, shopkeepers, and the white-collar class, and to provide the workers with a subsistence. If they do this, a Germany may emerge in which a nationally planned economy will create a new social alignment—an aristocracy composed of high government officials and a few wealthy capitalists and landowners; a bourgeoisie whose standard of living will approximate that of the proletariat because under large-scale capitalism whether state-controlled or not, their opportunities to accumulate would be stringently limited; and a proletariat severely regimented and living on the margin of subsistence, but living. This, assuming that the leaders are shrewd enough to realize that in betrayal of their financial backers lies their hope of consolidating their power. If they realize this, and act accordingly, they may continue in power for a good many years.

There is a disposition among observers to discount this possibility because Hitler, as he approached power, dropped from the agenda of his party such revolutionary items as the nationalization of large-scale industry. Still, this need not be taken as proof that he will not curtail sharply the rewards of ownership. The very fact that he has been putting the screws on his friends of the Right as well as his enemies of the Left—*e.g.*, the displacement of von Papen by Goering as Premier of Prussia—may mean more than a mere wish to consolidate the position of his party; it may mean also that he intends to establish his power firmly on the broad basis of his popular following—and that means doing more for his supporters than giving them *carte blanche* to persecute Jews and Communists. Even the pleasure of indulging the hates his oratory has fed can pall upon them if their less barbarous appetites remain unsatisfied.

In either case, it looks as if Hitler and his party, barring outside interference, would be in power for some time. They have destroyed the radical organizations with the swiftness and thoroughness that their own safety demanded; however badly they govern, however great may be the suffering of the masses under their rule, they cannot be overthrown from within save by an organized revolutionary movement; and although a movement can be destroyed in weeks its rebuilding is a matter of years. The Nazis know that their hold on power at present depends on peace with the rest of the world; therefore they have ceased to talk about treaty-revision; therefore also they are as disturbed by the indignation their physical violence against Jews, and their "cold pogrom," have aroused abroad as they were unimaginative in assuming such a terrorist policy would not arouse indignation. There is no direct menace to peace in their tactics; nations do not war on other nations—save ostensibly when expedient—for race-discrimination. Nor have they to fear any permanent boycott in protest against anti-Semitism, for trade is governed in the last analysis by the desire for profit rather than by sentiment. But the indirect consequences of their encouragement of the primitive impulse to make a minority race the scapegoat for all ills, may be as disastrous as those which followed upon the invasion

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of Belgium. This policy has destroyed at a blow, to the ineffable satisfaction of French chauvinists, the good will which the senseless Germanophobia of those same French chauvinists had created for Germany among its former enemies. Thus the Nazis have immensely strengthened the hand of their country's most dangerous enemy, France; and any attempt to offset the disadvantage by effecting a close rapprochement with Italy, whose pretensions in the Balkans are regarded with hostility by France and its Eastern European satellites, bristles with the menace of that very explosion of antagonisms which would mean, at present, not only the destruction of the Nazis but the annihilation of Germany as a world power and its possible dismemberment.

Thus its anti-Semitism may prove the Achilles-heel of German Fascism. Domestically it has little to fear; but in its foreign relations it will have need of a wariness and diplomatic finesse which have never distinguished German foreign policy. Internally, discriminations against Jews may produce no disastrous results. If 600,000 starving Jews displace 600,000 unemployed "Nordics," the economic situation will remain pretty much in *statu quo*. Externally the results may be ruinous. Therefore the Nazis' Jew-baiting is not only barbarous but surprisingly stupid; and the stupidity is the more striking because they could have achieved the same end by cloaking their anti-Semitism with their anti-communism and their anti-liberalism, for the large majority of German Jews are liberal if not radical in their political views. In these days of universal sharpening of class-antagonisms, liberalism is suspect and communism—outside Russia—is taboo. The capitalist world would have regarded with indifference the persecution of German Jews as liberals and with approval their persecution as Communists.

In warring on Jews the Nazis are attacking an intelligent and highly cultured section of the German populace, but the fact does not worry them. Nor need it. Culture and intelligence are not the safest allies of power when power is being exercised through the methods of the gangster. Hitler desires not a cultured and intelligent Germany but a docile Germany. He talks a great deal about culture, to be sure, but never without qualifying the word with the adjectives "Nordic," "German," or "national." The term "Nordic," as the anthropologists have pointed out, means nothing. "German," when Hitler uses it, means simply non-Jewish, and so, when applied to culture, does the word "national." But culture has an annoying way of being supra-national. Goethe once remarked, in a book which may be proscribed in the Nazis' promised "purification" of the German literary diet:

"Altogether national hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture. But there is a degree at which it vanishes altogether and where one stands to a certain extent *above* nations. . . ."

I am tempted to quote another passage from the "Conversations" of Germany's greatest poet, for it has a direct bearing on the Nazis' bombastic pretensions to be leading the German nation back to the good old "heroic" times of Teutonic myth and saga, when the will to virility found its imaginary fulfillment in the Niebelungenlied instead of the bullying of racial minorities:

"'From those old-German gloomy times,' said Goethe, 'we can obtain as little as from the Servian songs and similar barbaric popular poetry. . . . Generally speaking, a man is quite sufficiently saddened by his own passions and destiny, and need not make himself more so by the darkness of a barbaric past. He needs enlightening and cheering influences, and should therefore turn to those eras in art and literature during which remarkable men obtained perfect culture so that they were satisfied with themselves, and able to impart to others the blessings of their culture.'"

The wisdom of the sage of Weimar would not be serviceable to Hitler in his present position. It is too lofty and detached. The appeals of the Nazis to the *Deutsche Geist,* and their war on the Jewish race, are two aspects of the same policy of attaching the German middle classes to their movement by playing on their prejudices and their chauvinism. The less a movement stands *for,* the more it has to stand *against* if it is to attract a popular following. The Hitler movement stands for nothing that is fundamental to the peace and prosperity of the German people; and so it is anti-Communist, anti-Socialist, anti-liberal, anti-labor, anti-pacifist, anti-feminist, anti-foreign, anti-Jewish, anti-Catholic, and (with the soft pedal these days) anti-capitalist and anti-treaty. It dramatically symbolizes the universal retrogression from that "progressive humanization of man in society" made possible by his conquest of his environment under capitalism. It signifies the disintegration of the capitalist way of life. And so it is probably the prelude to a new barbarism or a revolutionary change to a new way of life which may utilize the magnificent contributions of capitalism to production while rejecting its unjust and disastrous system of distribution. Not Hitlerism, but what follows Hitlerism, will determine the future of German culture and the Germanic race.

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DEER

A STORY

By Alvah C. Bessie

The season opened with torrential rain that slanted down the east wall of the valley and, crossing the flats in a solid mass, fell for twenty-four hours on the Tapleys' house. It was surprisingly warm for the middle of November; there was even thunder (*thunder in November, green winter*) rolling behind the valley walls from south to north and re-echoing for minutes after it had passed. The road down past the house was a swift river of interweaving streams that carried off the surface gravel and ate deep ruts in the roadbed, like an acid.

All that first night the rain drummed on the worn shingles and hissed off the pitched roof onto the tangle of dead nasturtiums that bordered the house. They sat in the living-room watching dark wet spots form on the ceiling and spread up and down the room, and they listened to the howl of the swollen stream below the house. But after they had gone to bed, trying to lull their empty stomachs with sleep, the rain held off and frost came and when they looked out late the next morning (one less meal to worry about) they saw that the dry grass was white and the windows were frosted in intricate whorled patterns.

All that morning they lay about the house indulging their persistent lethargy, avoiding activity lest it bring on the imperious nausea that had become so frequent in the past few weeks. Anna sat at the window and scraped at the frost-patterns with her scissors, peering down across the meadow toward the heavy stand of spruce on the hillside. "I wish I could see a deer," she said.

"You may see one before you expect to." She turned to him with a smile, saying, "You're not really going hunting today?" He nodded.

"Is Clem coming?"

"He said he would—" Irritated by her smile, he cried, "Why do you think I borrowed the old man's rifle?"

"You wouldn't shoot a fly."

"Self-preservation," he laughed.

"For an educated man, that's a pretty trite remark."

He sighed. "My dear," he said, "if I told you there were more important things in life than its irremediable aspects—money, food and work (of course there's love) you would answer——"

"—what I always have."

"To wit?"

"To wit: that we have no money, that we have no food, that you prefer not to work."

"True." He sat beside her and grasped her hands in his own, feeling a sudden urge toward her body, a sweet flux of love and pity for her that demanded closer contact, if only to hold her hand. "You have chosen," he said, "to become my wife—do I flatter myself when I say *not* for the little money I had, and in spite of the fact that I never worked when I had it?"

She bowed her head, powerless to answer and feeling a perfect fool for having spoken. As she saw it, it mattered little whether he worked or not, what he was or what he might become. (She felt there was nothing he might not achieve if he felt it worth the trouble.) She asked nothing but to be herself with him; to feel him at her side. Yet, "Money—" she said, and paused.

"We haven't got it. What does it matter where it went? More will come. . . ."

"From heaven, no doubt," she said wildly, tears in her eyes.

"From heaven," he said reverently, and kissed her hand.

"I'm awfully stupid, Bert," she said, "but how can it come if you won't work for it?"

"I have faith," he said, "in the power of virtue—Anna!" he said, "I don't know where I'm going, but I feel that I must wait for something that will be revealed to me—something that is growing, like a plant in the dark, something I feel always present wherever I am or whatever I am doing, yet I cannot give it a name." He looked shyly up from her lap and said, "Would you think me a fool if I said that what I feel is . . . love?"

"I love *you,*" she said, and was bewildered when he rose with a sigh and said, "My dear, I know. . . ."

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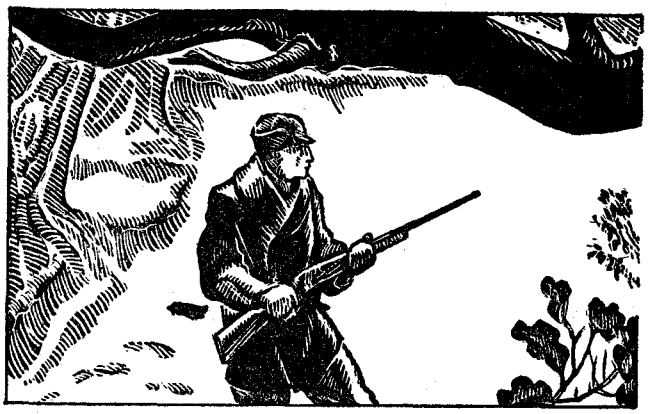
They spoke little during lunch, when he devoured the dry potato and the bread and peanut-butter as rapidly as he could. She ate slowly, turning the food carefully in her mouth, extracting its last particle of flavor. Then once more they sat in the living-room, listening to the slow interminable ticking of the clock, waiting for time to pass. During the meal there had been a light flurry of snow, and now she sat by the window once more, looking at it and wondering at the stillness of the earth—watching the snow lie quietly on the cold ground, and thinking of deer moving about, nibbling at the slight buds on the dormant trees. With the season opened yesterday there would already be men in the woods with pieces of red flannel pinned to their caps, moving quietly among the trees, their rifles held ready—and she beheld a vision of thousands of men with scraps of red flannel on their caps, advancing in solid battalions through the brush, moving in one direction, silent as the figures in a dream, bodiless and sinister. From the corner of her eye she could see him handling the old rifle with evident satisfaction, and she pondered the paradox of her husband, Bert Tapley, with a rifle in his hands. Hearing him in conversation, she realized that arguments he thought cogent when stated were, whether he knew it or not, masks for an emotion quite beyond his control; that when he said he did not *believe* in killing anything that lived, merely for the sake of killing it, the statement should have read: I am incapable of killing anything that lives. Yet she had seen him with a target-rifle, noted his absorption in the game, felt, almost as an emanation of some vital heat, the satisfaction he experienced when his bullets reached the mark, the joy he felt that day with the shotgun, when he riddled a thrown tin can before it hit the ground. "I shall put this on the mantelpiece," he declared, holding up the lace-work of twisted metal. And there it stood, over her head, a curious object to find in your living-room. Now, she dreaded the potential explosion that the rifle held within, as he turned it in his hands, polishing the stock with an oily rag, sliding the bolt back and pushing it home. She was impressed by the silence of the weapon as it lay across his knees, knowing that a slight pressure on the trigger might release violent noise, death and resounding horror.

Holding it, he knew that if the combination of circumstances were exactly right, he could pull the trigger, release swift (*and* really *painless*) death and watch the buck kick in the dead leaves, see the blood issue slowly and finally from the open mouth, flowing between the teeth, his own eyes wide and tight-feeling, satisfaction leaping through his body, and well-being urging him to dance and shout. Now he amused himself by pulling back the bolt (Clem's coming, she said, up the hill) and thinking about the beautiful inevi-



tability of its action, how each time he pulled back the bolt the cartridge in the chamber leaped out and away from the rifle, how every time he pressed it forward (*a toy, you know, a toy*) the spring of the magazine threw up another shell and the bolt thrust it perfectly home. To his particular type of mind this mechanism presented an analogy of inevitability—things were, hence they were meant to be. He ignored the corollaries, the interminable arguments that might be deduced from such a lopsided assumption; at the moment, he chose to ignore them. Meat moved through the forest on four legs; meat was lacking in his home: what more perfect, more true or beautiful than that he, with a machine invented by men like himself, should procure that meat, outwitting the outmoded plans of life, leaping the æons from the beginning of time down to this particular time, when he would walk, rifle in hand— He held the rifle to his shoulder (*a toy*) until Anna turned in her chair and said "Put that thing down before you shoot yourself, you big kid." Then, suddenly ill, he laid the rifle across his knees, thinking of the raw red meat that would hang in the shed from the cross-beam, and the smell of its blood, that would thicken their own blood and replenish the depleted juices of their bodies. He shuddered and stood the rifle in the corner.

There were steps on the porch and Clem Fell stuck his head in the door. "Hi there!" he said, "you all ready fer them side-hill grumpers? I'd a ben here t' wake you at four A.M. this mornin' only last night there come a job o' work t' do this mornin' an' I thought I might earn a honest penny."

"Hello, Clem," Anna said.

"How *do* you do, Mrs. Tapley?" Fell said. "Now won't you be proud o' this man o' yo'rn w'en he comes home t'night with a quarter o' vinizen t' hang in the shed?"

"I'd have to see it first," she said. "You know, in all the time we've been living in the country, I've never seen a deer."

Till the path narrowed down they walked side by side, their guns resting in the crook of their left arms,

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fingers on safeties. It was noisy. The frost that came after the night's rain had touched the bed of dead leaves and they lay in curled masses that crackled like crushed glass under foot. "Bad business, bad business," Clem said, "might 's well of stayed t' home." Tapley tightened his grip on the stock and smiled, enjoying the futility of being constantly alert when there was no need, his mind reverting to its childhood and pursuing imaginary Indians, tracking noiselessly as possible through a trackless wilderness infested by lions, tigers, wildcat, dinosaurs. He glanced from left to right, seeing dark forms moving among the trees, soundlessly following.

They sat on a fallen log and lit cigarettes. "Wouldn' smoke ef I 'spected t' see anything," Clem said. "They can smell it?" Clem grunted. "They c'n smell a man in their sleep," he said, "but they're damn nosey too—'ll let you come within a rod an' stand lookin' at you. You move an' they move an' you stop an' they stop. Keep it up all day long. Last buck I shot," he said, looking up at the trees, "twelve-pointer he was, was standin' still as a stump, but I wa'n't takin' no chances; I put the lead right to 'm an' he busted away through the trees head over tea-kittle. Two hours I follered that feller—c'd see 'm ahead o' me an' the blood was somethin' fierce . . . ripped him right up the under-side an' his guts spilled out." "Could he run far that way?" Tapley said, looking at the ground. "I'm tellin' you," Clem said, "I follered him fer two hours, not two rods behin'—c'd see 'm cross over the hillside, trippin' in his guts an' gettin' up."

"Let's go," Bert said, crushing the cigarette on the wet bark. They followed the trail in silence for some time and when they reached fresh tracks neither was surprised.

"They're fresh all right; not a half-hour old," Fell said. "Listen, young feller," he said. "C'n I trust you t' foller instructions—" He pointed, "There's a chicken-hawk!" he said. "Red-tailed," Tapley mumbled. "Eh?" Clem said, "I be'n't as sharp t' hear 's I used to." "Red-tailed hawk," Tapley said apologetically, "all you country guys can't tell one hawk from another." "I can't exackly see the color of his *tail*," Clem said, "but ef I c'd put some salt on it, or mebbe some lead, mebbe I c'd tell better." "Most hawks are harmless," Tapley said. "I *know* they be." "But that wouldn't prevent you from taking a shot at it, would it?" Bert smiled. "Hell no!" "What for?" "F'r the hell of it."

Under his breath Tapley said, "That's what's wrong." "Huh?" Fell said. "Well—listen, I'm goin' to cut round in a circle an' set down on that deer's trail—this is one o' their reg'lar trails an' it comes out at the foot o' Milburn's sugar-lot. I'll be settin' there w'en you come 'long. Take it slow an' easy an' foller this trail up an' ef you see somethin' put the lead right to it an' don't look too sharp w'ether it's got horns or no." He grinned. "Oke," Tapley said, and watched him out of sight through the second-growth stuff and over the low hillside.

For a short time he walked cautiously along, leaping from hard bare clump to clump, feeling his body move inside his clothes. He glanced right and left and occasionally stopped to listen, turning his head and staring straight into the spruces about him till he realized that he was seeing nothing, that his fixed glare was focussed beyond the trees, on a series of images that existed only in his own mind. He laughed; then he bit his lip and before his inner eye he could see the buck watching him intently, curiously, and he could feel the muscles of his arm tighten, the gun rise to his shoulder, and he took a short bead and let drive. Meat, fresh meat in the shed . . . Anna.

There was a light wind but it was in his face, so he moved along, picking his way along the sides of the worn trail, where there were less leaves and the ground rose slightly. That's what's wrong. Huh? I mean, why shoot something just for the sake of killing it? Why the hell not? Can't you see, can't you feel? You crazy? B'Jesus, Bert, you mus' be plumb crazy . . . all the folks 'round here'bouts says you mus' be off y'r nut the way you don' fish an' you don' hunt an' there ain't nobody ever seen you do a tap o' work an' w'ere does the money come from they says. . . .

He stopped to listen—the wind was sharp on his face and there was the smell of frost and more snow, and through the trees he could see the lavender autumn hills and at his feet were last year's dead weed-stalks and dry moss.

You cannot argue with a man like that; you might as well argue with a tree. What for? F'r the hell of it. He could feel his cold toes moving inside the boots, and he contracted them, felt them grip the soles. That's exactly what's wrong; ethically wrong. Huh? I get ya, Bert, you speak of ethics, Bert, an' ya don't know w'at y're talkin' about. How so, Clem? Because, Bert, there is something deeper involved here than you are reckoning with. I don't know, Clem; all I know is that, to me, mind you, to me—he watched a squirrel scale a tree and

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sit erect on a limb to watch him pass—the root of the problem is this: everything that is alive has, by virtue of the fact that it *is* alive, the right to continue living. *Do you eat meat, do you? Ah there!*

Something brought him up dead in the trail and his eyes resumed a focus ahead of him, staring at nothing. He stood, hearing the crackling of the frozen needles underfoot, the moaning of two boughs against each other, the bark of a crow in the west. . . . The short autumn day would soon be done. He walked on. Anna is hungry.

Now Bert, I grant you all that; but you'll have to grant me this—*I* don't like to kill; yet knowing that, I practically force myself to do it— Do you need meat? are you hungry, Clem? *Specious, specious!* No. Well then? *Aha!* That's not the point, Bert, the point is that I recognize in my disinclination to kill, a—call it a trait, that, if followed to its logical conclusion would mean death— You exaggerate, Clem. —actual, physical death for the race. It's weak, it's a disease, I recognize it for a disease in myself, so I combat it. It's the direct result of this damned Christian training, turn-the-other-cheek-love-your-neighbor stuff—it's back of the no-more-war agitation, the charity racket, the belly-aching for more and better anæsthetics, the average man's ambition to found a free hospital for the poor before he dies. . . .

Not fifty feet ahead he saw the buck, its antlers spread like an autumn bush in the path, its wet eyes watching him. Buck fever, he thought, and said to himself, No—this must not be passive, this must be an act of faith; he lifted the rifle slowly, thinking Anna is hungry, saw the buck lift its head and listen, then, as though he were not within a thousand miles, it lowered its head and nibbled the dry moss, scraping with its hoof. He drew the bead down finer and finer (*defenceless!*) till the sights were in a dead line with the heart (*death!*) and along the sights he watched, following the animal as it moved slowly along, grazing. There was no sound, the wind died down and his feet were set solidly in the dry grass, rooted like stone. One, two, three. The buck started and lifted its head, saw him and froze where it stood, gazing with great soft eyes, its antlers spread once more as though for centuries they had sprung from that very spot. "Bang!" he said softly, and the beast whirled. He dropped the gun and jumped in the air, flailing his arms and shouting silently, his face contorted with rage and irrepressible excitement. He picked up a stick and flung it, watched the white undertail flapping, magnified till it looked a yard long, through the brush, off the trail and into the east. Then he picked up the gun and strolled slowly and deliberately along, watching to right and left and occasionally stopping to listen. . . .

"Stick 'em up!" a voice said, and Clem rose from the side of the path, his gun extended dramatically, his false teeth protruding from his mouth. "See anything?" he said. "Nothing at all; yet all that is I see." "You're a card," Clem said, "you're the comicallest jigger I ever see." They lit cigarettes and shivered in the failing light.

"This is a good crossin' place," Clem said. "We'll set here aw'ile till it gets dark an' mebbe we'll bring somethin' home t' put in the pot." The wind had sprung up again and they pulled up the collars of their jackets, sitting with their hands in their pockets, their rifles across their knees, shivering. The hills faded from pale lavender to deep purple, and there was a green tinge in the eastern sky. "What's that?" Bert said. "Sounds like a dog barking."

"Geese."

They stared into the east and soon they could see the flock flying south in loose echelon formation, low over the darkening earth. "I'd have sworn that was a dog," Tapley said. "A hell of a cold night to be travelling." "They'll settle," Clem said, "first open water they hit—w'at the hell are you doin'!" he cried, his mouth hung open, his large eyes protruding from their sockets.

"Something to put in the pot," Tapley said.

"You dumb fool, you couldn't hit one o' them geese at that distance t' save y'r fool neck."

"Nothing like trying," Bert said, and pressed the trigger, exulting in the flash of light in the deepening dusk and the deafening roar that followed. "Let's go home," he said.

All the way down the hard-rutted road Clem said nothing, glanced at Bert Tapley from time to time out of the corner of his eye, and deliberately spat his tobacco-juice in the road, scuffing it in with the sole of his shoe. "Come in and smoke a cigarette," Bert said. "Naw," said Clem, "I'll have to be f'oggin' my li'l' jacket down the road or my missus 'll have my ears." "Better luck next time," Tapley said; "I wasn't much help to you, I guess." "You shore got some dumbed funny notions," Clem said, "them ca'tridges costs seven cents apiece."

He found Anna sitting by the window, looking down at the stand of spruce, and suddenly he was ashamed.

"See a deer?" he said.

She turned with a smile and said, "Did you?"

"Yes."

"I thought I heard a shot," she said, "and I wondered whether you'd finally managed to shoot yourself."

"It was Clem," he said, "he missed."

"I'm glad." With astonishment he saw that her eyes were wet, and he moved to take her in his arms. "My dear," he said, stroking her hair, "I *do* love you—you know I really do . . ."

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What Bryan Did to America

By J. C. Long

The Second of the SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *Biographies of Men Who Have Influenced the Modern World*

THE last reel of the Bryan super-serial should be cut, perhaps the last several reels. Preserve the early sequences which made such an impress on a growing America and influenced its institutions even to the present time. In the concluding episodes there is too much footage and too little important action. The star has grown old and has lost his public. He gropes and fumbles with scenes which are outmoded. What have the Dayton trial, real-estate barking, and the professional uplifter to do with the young man of '96 who streaked like a meteor across the Western sky! Bryan's personal tragedy was that he lived too long.

I

The story of Bryan and his charge through American history is a folk-drama, essentially native to our soil. He became a national figure in the early 1890's at the very hour when the frontier had ceased to exist, when the people for the first time were obliged to find and claim their destiny within the limits of the country as it stood, without the release and opportunity of new territory.

He was a force. In 1896, Mark Hanna, the Republican chieftain, levied on all the banks of the country a charge of one-quarter of one per cent of their capital and raised a fund of $3,500,000 to stop the course of this political tornado.

He was hated. *The New York Tribune* in '96 compared him to Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and Jefferson Davis, with the conclusion that "he was the rival of them all in deliberate wickedness and treason to the Republic." When he turned the tide of the Baltimore Convention toward Woodrow Wilson in 1912 a hysterical delegate screamed, "I will give $25,000 to any one who will kill him."

A silvery voice assisted his power to arrest and enchant millions of voters, and Thomas Beer has summed him up as that "incarnate drum." Yet there have been many of the *bel canto* school of politics, many who aroused heated opposition, who have made but a minor impression on their times. There is something further to the story of a man who three times headed a major party as its Presidential nominee, who dictated the policies of that party for many years, and lived to see much of his intention written into the nation's laws.

It is an opportune season to examine Mr. Bryan and what he did to America, because for the first time since his emergence, America finds itself amid conditions similar to the days of his rising. In the early 1890's 11,000 farms had been foreclosed in Kansas and in some counties 90 per cent of the land was in the hands of loan companies. The situation bore a close relation to the present, wherein President Roosevelt writes, "I seek an end to the threatened loss of homes and productive capacity now faced by hundreds of thousands of American farm families."

In the early 1890's the country was prostrate after a period of continued deflation. Commodity prices were at new low levels. Banks were failing by the hundreds and savings banks had placed a stoppage on withdrawal of deposits. The parallel with these times is obvious. There was, however, a difference. During the nineteenth century, the *laissez-faire* doctrine had prevailed. Untrammelled individualism had served to develop the country, and the occasional flare-ups of social criticism were directed against specific ills. The mass of the people lacked leadership or even self-consciousness. Then came Bryan out of the West with a philosophy and a determination to give cohesiveness, purpose, and power to the public will.

He was the first of the modern prophets. He has long

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been superseded, but his origins, his ideas, and his actions constitute a saga in the experiment of democracy.

II

Bryan in his youth was not a commoner. He was born in Salem, Ill., on March 19, 1860, the son of Judge Silas L. Bryan. Salem was a prosperous farming and trading community. The Bryans were in the upper level, pillars of the Baptist church, and a trifle more well-to-do than their neighbors. Their farm on the outskirts of the village had an abundance of hired help, and boasted the luxury of a deer park. William Jennings Bryan, the eldest of the children, did his share of the chores as was the custom. He hoed corn and split kindling, but had no regular hours of farm labor. He was free to hunt squirrels or go for a swim in the millpond whenever the inclination moved him. In fact, his boyhood days were comfortable and uneventful.

The community in which he lived was similarly undisturbed. The issues of the Civil War were fading and financial distress had not yet come upon the land. The ways of life were simple. A trip by horse and buggy over the muddy roads to some "lyceum" tent was an event of the year. A people without motion pictures, automobiles, or the radio amused themselves with parlor organs, stereopticon lectures, and church sociables.

The Bryans, like most of their neighbors, were devout. They had family prayers every morning, and sometimes in the evening. The Judge also provided a special service every noon for his rather reluctant oldest boy, at which William was called upon to read from the Book of Proverbs and present his comments thereon.

Young Bryan at the age of fifteen had his ambitions, which were orthodox if lofty. He wished to go to preparatory school and college, and then to finish his academic education at Oxford. After that he would return to America, and, perhaps, study law.

The Oxford plan never materialized because Judge Bryan's death made it financially impossible, but in 1875 the young man undertook the initial step of attending Whipple Academy, and two years later he entered Illinois College, at Jacksonville, Ill.

There had been no stimulus in Salem or at the academy to point Bryan's interest in any particular direction, but his enrollment at Illinois was a logical preparation for the unforeseen later course of his life. Illinois was a fertilizing locus for any one who carried the germs of political activity. Edward Beecher, a strong abolitionist, had been for many years president of the college and had drawn around him a faculty of Yale men who were ardently interested in the study and progress of the American Government. Much more than the average classical college of its day, Illinois was concerned with its relation to the outside world.

Among the live topics on the campus was the discussion of "specie payment." The Federal Government had voted in 1875 that it would redeem its paper currency in specie. The act was to take effect in 1879. The press was full of speculation as to the probable effect of this measure. The Government had already made a series of radical experiments with the currency. From 1792 to 1873 the nation had been on a bi-metallic standard. The ratio of the two metals since 1834 had been sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold. In 1873, the Congress voted the abandonment of silver coinage. Little attention was paid to this at the time, because the large volume of outstanding paper currency served to prevent a money shortage; but the policy of "specie payment," retiring the paper money, threatened to bring this shortage into effect, and to disturb economic equilibrium.

In 1879, however, the Congress passed the compromise Bland-Allison bill providing for a limited amount of silver coinage at a fixed amount per month. This action carried the seeds of trouble, for it left the country on neither a bi-metallic standard nor a gold standard. But it moderated the effects which attend a sharp contraction of the currency. The public did not rush to redeem the paper notes in circulation; and a difficult situation appeared to have been averted.

Bryan was building the beginnings of a library and the earliest entries include titles on the currency subject; but other issues discussed at his *alma mater* seized his attention more actively. His declamations dealt with such subjects as rights of labor, our growing democracy, and the cry for justice. This trend of his sympathies, however, did not indicate that he regarded himself at this time as one of the common people or one of their representatives. Quite the contrary. Pictures of Bryan in his college days show him in a close-fitting well-tailored coat, a handsome satin tie and a high hat. He was still looking forward to a brilliant career at the bar, rather than toward the shaky throne of popular leadership. He was training his vocal cords not to rouse the masses, but to sway the decision of jurors.

Bryan without doubt seemed marked for an orthodox worldly success. He was energetic and respected among his fellows, holding office in his college societies, and always a trifle aloof. He had the advantage of a striking appearance. He was tall, thin, and muscular. The paleness of his complexion contrasted with raven black hair; and a pair of keen dark eyes looked out from beneath heavy brows. He had a strong eagle-like nose, a wide expressive mouth, and a square chin. He had in him the strain of the dark Irish, moody, romantic, and fiery.

This came to the surface in his pursuit of Mary Baird, a student at the Female Seminary in Jackson-

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ville. He met her one afternoon at a tea, and from that moment carried through the most successful campaign of his career. College work and all precaution were thrown to the winds. They met frequently at the edge of town and took long drives into the country. But there were village snoopers, and the young lady was forthwith expelled. The president of the seminary took her down to the train for home, little realizing that the silver-tongued orator was concealed in the baggage car.

Mr. Bryan's choice of a life partner was fortunate as well as ardent, for Mary Baird was fitted by temperament and ability to be the wife of a public man. Sanctified by the announcement of her engagement and her father's consent, she returned to school the year following her expulsion and became valedictorian of her class. Her academic knowledge, however, was by no means her only asset. In temperament and judgment she was a counter-balance to her husband's dramatic excursions. Through the years she sympathized, consoled, and advised him. She rifled his pockets for telegrams and letters and answered them. She studied with him, fostered political friendships, and smoothed over ruffled feelings within the ranks. She is a partial explanation of the tremendous energy which he brought to bear on his political work, because his efforts were never worn down or dissipated by a host of mundane details.

Bryan's career was slow in maturing. Three years at the Union College of Law in Chicago were necessary before he could even enter upon his profession. When he had passed his bar examinations in 1883, he returned to hang up his shingle in Jacksonville. His income was no better than that of the average young lawyer. He had the usual run of cases which fall to the lot of juniors: the collection of accounts and other small court matters which the other lawyers did not care to handle.

In October, 1884, Bryan's practice made it financially possible for him and Mary Baird to be married. The young couple lived frugally, and devoted themselves to advancement. They decided to spend their spare time and spare funds in study. The few books which Bryan had purchased in college days were augmented from month to month by additional volumes on the tariff, banking, and railroads until he had one of the best economic libraries in the Middle West. Mrs. Bryan devoted herself particularly to reading for law examinations, and some years later she became a member of the bar.

These activities were more educative than profitable. Jacksonville was a staid old community, much more conservative than the college which it harbored. The leading families had been there for a number of years. The legal business was in the hands of established attorneys, and there was little of it at best. The townspeople were friendly enough to the young lawyer, but there were no laurels to be distributed. Bryan varied the routine of his legal work by a mild participation in politics. He attended meetings, and campaigned for Congressman Springer on the Democratic ticket. Springer represented a section which was customarily Democratic and Bryan's efforts in this particular commanded no special attention. This unalluring succession of days had continued into 1887, when Bryan had occasion to take a western trip. He decided to spend Sunday with a classmate, A. R. Talbot, who lived in Lincoln, Neb. Talbot was aglow with the stir of activity in Lincoln. He already had a successful law practice, and offered to take Bryan into partnership. There was room for every one in this trading centre of the endless prairies. If the frontier was gone, this was the nearest thing to it for a man who had the ability and determination to get ahead. But any political ambitions, Talbot suggested, would need to be forgotten, as the Democratic Party had little influence and few votes in Nebraska.

This objection did not appear to disturb Bryan. Instinctively, as he stayed for a brief visit in Lincoln, he seemed to realize that these were his people. To go West was to veer in the opposite direction from his early dreams of Oxford. But this opportunity certainly seemed more engaging than his unimportant rôle in Jacksonville. Mrs. Bryan, he found on his return, agreed; and on October 1, 1887, he took the train for the land which for more than a generation was to form, and be formed by, his astounding career.

III

The sweeping plains of Nebraska breathed gusto into the young lawyer. By his very move to this region he had stepped from the status of an inconsequential junior in an old community to that of a talented newcomer in a hospitable countryside. Lincoln harbored an able population. Charles G. Dawes was trying out his legal wings there, and John J. Pershing was military instructor at the university. The community was astir with enterprise.

It did not take Bryan long to see that Talbot's esti-

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mate of the political situation had been ill considered. It was true that the Republican and Populist tickets had dominated the State, but was not this a new and alive community flexible in its ideas?

Bryan went to work quietly and effectively to establish his local leadership in Democracy. His sizable library and his familiarity with economic subjects gave him an authoritative place in the local councils. He subscribed to *The New York World* and *The Atlanta Constitution,* and he made a practice of asking newcomers to lend him their home-town papers in order that he might study the political views expressed in their editorial columns. He established the Round Table group for men and Mrs. Bryan formed the Sorosis Club for women. These societies debated the issues of the day: the alarming decline in commodity prices which had been in progress since 1878, the effect of railroad rates on the shipping costs out of Lincoln, the prices of retail products, and the mushroom-like growth of corporate business. The Democratic Party was weak in Lincoln, but the Bryans were rapidly establishing their position as leaders in the community.

The young lawyer developed an active and profitable practice. Yet politics continued to hold his attention. He cultivated even the smallest district meetings, and shouldered the heavy work of campaigning. When J. Sterling Morton ran for Congress on the Democratic ticket in 1888, Bryan went on the stump continuously for several weeks, speaking at scores of crossroad villages and country schoolhouses. Morton lost decisively, as was the Democratic practice in Nebraska, but Bryan was wholly undismayed and incorrigibly enthusiastic over the future of the party. Two years later he attended the Democratic State Convention and there launched his first address before a major gathering for the party. He assailed the Republicans as though they were headed for immediate disaster.

"The mass of Republicans in this State," he cried, "have deluded themselves with the belief that the Republican Party was only flirting with organized wealth, and that it would finally wed the poor man; but the marriage between the G. O. P. and monopoly has been consummated, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

This, at the least, was good fun. Nobody expected the electorate to change its opinion, and if W. J. Bryan was willing to spare the time and expense for a campaign for Congress, the convention was pleased to nominate him.

Bryan accepted with alacrity; and his very confidence and fire attracted attention from the start. He challenged the Republican incumbent to a series of debates and the latter unwisely complied. Bryan poured forth with all his dark-Irish eloquence a torrent of statistics and arguments on his bewildered opponent. The many hours of study in his economic library gave him a wealth of figures, incidents, and political history for which the Republican candidate was totally unprepared. Eleven times Mr. Connell, the opponent, met Bryan on the platform and eleven times the brilliant young debater tore him to pieces. To the astonishment of Nebraska Democracy, Bryan sailed into victory by 6700 votes.

His initial speech in the House of Representatives on March 16, 1892, brought him to national attention for the first time. It had merit as an exposition of the Democratic position on the tariff; but the chief interest of his colleagues was centred on the speaker himself and his skill in meeting the heckling of the opposition. Questions were fired from all corners of the House and Bryan met them readily. Then a Republican Congressman cleared his throat and asked the young orator blandly, "Are you to be understood as opposed to a State or national protection to be extended to the beet-sugar industry?"

This was a poser. Many Nebraska farmers were experimenting with beet sugar, and if Bryan ran true to Congressional form, he would see some special reason for protecting that particular industry which involved his constituents. The House smiled complacently, waiting to see how the new member would escape from this dilemma. Bryan, however, met the issue head on. "I am, most assuredly," he replied. "And when it is necessary to come down to Congress and ask for a protection or a bounty for an industry in my own State which I should refuse as wrong to an industry in any other State, I shall cease to represent Nebraska in Congress."

This was candor and independence of a new order. The press table pricked up its ears and the next morning the new Congressman from Nebraska was known to all the Eastern seaboard. "This speech has been a revolution," *The New York World* commented. "No new member has received such an ovation in years."

From the moment of his tariff speech the controlling factors in the Republican Party kept a careful eye on Mr. Bryan. When he ran for re-election in the autumn of 1892 the opposition thought it worthwhile to try to block his course before he could gain momentum. The Republican National Committee sent William McKinley and Senator ("Fireworks") Foraker into Bryan's district to campaign against him. They were almost successful. The novelty of the new man had worn off; and business conditions were getting so bad that the people were in the mood for a change. Bryan, however, made a strenuous campaign, and was narrowly returned to office.

This re-election was an almost necessary step in the sequence of events which were now coming to a head. Bryan's presence in Congress in the 1893 and 1894 ses-

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sions enabled him to keep himself before the national public and to identify himself in the eyes of his party with the policies which he believed were the proper heritage and function of the Democratic Party.

The demonetization of silver and the resumption of specie payment, which had been instituted in the 1870's with no apparent immediate effect, had been followed shortly by an appreciation of the value of gold and a decline in all other values. Prices fell steadily through the '80's, and continued their downward course throughout the early '90's. Overspeculation, poor management, and running into debt were held by many to be the causes of the existing depression, and they were without doubt a part of the concurrent phenomena. The fact remained, however, that the enhanced value of gold, as expressed in terms of commodities and wages. was placing the nation under a bondage which was intolerable.

Hundreds of thousands of families staggered under a burden of debt from which they saw no possibility of escape. The load of obligations had not been unreasonable at the time they were contracted, but the deflation of the currency had written up the value of every debt and every farm mortgage. Two, three, and four times as much produce or labor as had originally been contemplated was required to pay off the interest and the principal.

A controlled and standardized expansion of the currency was regarded as the remedy by those economists of the day who advocated the remonetization of silver. Bryan held this view, and it had the support of many notable men of the time. The Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, then a member of the British Cabinet, was a bi-metallist. Carter Glass and Clarence Darrow were among the younger American exponents of this policy.

"Up to 1873," Darrow wrote, "gold and silver were coined on a ratio of 16 to 1; they should be restored to that basis. If it is then found that the ratio is not a proper one, as governed by the laws of trade, the ratio should be changed for convenience until they float together, but in making the change neither the debtor nor the creditor should be asked to bear all the loss."

In 1890, Congress had passed a second and more extensive act than the Bland-Allison measure of 1879, providing for the additional coinage of silver, without incorporating it as part of a bi-metallic standard. The act did not stem the tide of disaster, and it may have had a further unsettling effect in leaving the coinage system in a continued state of uncertainty.

In the early stages of the deflation the curtailment of credit and the foreclosure of mortgages were beneficial to the eastern capitalists, because the situation enabled strong hands to obtain possession of goods and properties at sacrifice prices. Even though the decline in prices and ruin of public purchasing power worked its way back with disastrous effect on the very champions of deflation, the gold adherents continued to feel that their position was sound. President Cleveland agreed with them. He was convinced that bi-metallism was not feasible, and he was opposed to the existing half-way silver policy which confused public finances and seemed to accomplish no good.

In the summer of 1893, the President called the Congress in special session to repeal the act of 1890. To Bryan and his fellow silverites this was sheer madness. To contract the currency still further would only intensify the existing distress. Bryan took it upon himself to lead the revolt. On August 16, the day that Bryan made his speech of protest, the Northern Pacific Railroad went into receivership. A general economic breakdown seemed certain as Cleveland's gold policy was being pressed upon the nation.

"The President has recommended unconditional repeal," Bryan declaimed in Congress. "It is not sufficient to say that he is honest. So were the mothers who with misguided zeal threw their children into the Ganges." He developed his case exhaustively, and the silverites felt that their cause had been materially advanced.

"Every possible argument in favor of their coinage he placed before his hearers in a most successful style," said *The Atlanta Constitution*. "Bourke Cockran and William L. Wilson declared it was the greatest silver speech ever made upon the floor of the House."

Cleveland carried his Silver Repeal Bill, and, whatever the merits of his stand, business conditions became steadily worse. Colonel James S. Coxey, a man of considerable wealth and fantastic ideas, led an army of the unemployed on Washington, organized under the curious title of "The Commonwealth of Christ." The Pullman Company became involved in a violent strike; and George M. Pullman, its president, refused to confer with a committee of his workers. Mark Hanna, the shrewd political boss of the Republican Party, groaned at the stupidity of men in high places, and took comfort chiefly in the split in Democratic ranks.

Democracy was divided by the silver issue, because of differences in belief and because of Cleveland's in-

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sistence on discipline. He marked Bryan for punishment, denied him all patronage, and directed the Nebraska State machine not to renominate him. It was a serviceable banishment, for in the autumn of 1894 the Democrats lost 123 of the Congressional districts which they had held but two years before.

Bryan, unblemished by that wholesale repudiation, set out on a tour of the country which lasted for more than a year. It was an inconspicuous tour, largely unheralded. If he received an invitation to speak at some local occasion, such as the July Fourth dinner of Tammany Hall in 1895, he spoke. Whatever the local situation, he made an address even if, as in certain instances, he was obliged to hire a hall.

At each point he talked with the local committee and there was plenty to talk about. For the public distress had been increasingly dire since the crash in '93. There were several major issues. The Supreme Court had declared the federal income tax law unconstitutional, and Bryan had spoken in the House in favor of a new act and a new test of the decision. Only by an income tax, he felt, could men be called upon to pay, each according to his ability. It would have an equalizing effect on the disparities of great wealth.

He reviewed the time-honored Democratic policy of the tariff, a policy which was helpful to the exportation of farm products, whatever might be its debatable effect upon home manufactures and wages.

These matters he discussed from the editorial masthead of *The Omaha World-Herald* over which he presided. He saw for his party a function and opportunity which it had not enjoyed or embraced since the days of Jefferson. Cleveland's policy and the ideas of the Eastern centres, he felt, were pre-occupied with the stabilizing of big business, but he approached the subject from the standpoint of improving the status of the common people. Make the masses prosperous, improve wages, improve the prices of farm products, and the tonic effect will be felt throughout the total business structure.

How could that be done? A necessary step was to restore the status of the currency to a point where it would be adequate for the growing industrial demands of the nation. Production of gold had been virtually static for a number of years, at times dipping to new lows, giving no promise of equalizing the present disparity between the dearness of that metal and the corresponding deflation of other values. The issue of fiat paper currency would be an unstable and dangerous procedure. The remedy appeared to lie in the traditional free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1.

Bryan reviewed these steps again and again in all parts of the country. The record of his speeches reveals a progressive development of these ideas as he felt his way and educated his public. In 1895 he organized the free-silver opinion of his party by the issuance of a Free-Silver Manifesto. Congressman Bland from Missouri, a free-silver veteran in the House, headed the list of signatures at the left, but the name of W. J. Bryan was at the top of the right-hand column.

The Democratic Convention which met in Chicago in July, 1896, was a gathering of despair. Cleveland's second term had ended in the worst depression the country had ever seen, the party had lost nearly all of its seats in Congress, and it was divided into two factions. The press predicted that the Silverites would control the Convention and forecast that Congressman Bland would be the nominee. This was cold comfort, for neither Bland nor any of the less conspicuous candidates exuded the aroma of victory. Bryan had worked so quietly that he received no serious consideration. The North Carolina delegation was instructed for him and he had various friends who believed that his star would rise high, but at the very outset of the Convention he was defeated for temporary chairman and later for permanent chairman. These set-backs turned out to be a great stroke of luck. Some one was needed to make the main and concluding talk for the silver coinage policy in rebuttal to David Bennett Hill, the gold Democrat from New York, and Bryan was given the assignment as a consolation prize.

As the hour for his speech drew near, late in the evening of July 9, Bryan, like a race horse with nostrils distended, sensed the difficulties and the challenge before him. The Chicago Coliseum was stiflingly hot, and blue-gray with cigar smoke. The delegates were weary and apathetic before what seemed to be a meaningless convention. Various candidates had spoken on various subjects, but there was no enthusiasm from these delegates who represented a prostrate country and saw no gleam of leadership. To stir them would be a colossal effort. Bryan had a feeling of weakness in the pit of his stomach and a faintness at the thought of all that hinged on his coming address. He went to a counter and bought a sandwich and a cup of coffee to quiet his nerves. Then he came back to the platform.

Clark Howell of *The Atlanta Constitution* was at the press table. He looked out over the throng of farmers, laborites, and small-town representatives. He looked up at Mr. Bryan and scribbled a note on an envelope. "This is a great opportunity," it read. Bryan wrote underneath it, "You will not be disappointed," and returned the envelope.

At last the chairman called for William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska.

The speaker began quietly, calmly, his clear voice penetrating easily to every corner of the room. He disclaimed any personal merit in standing as the champion of silver, but placed the discussion on the basis

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today

The coming international tennis battle. What is an "amateur"? ~ A member of the new "younger generation" views the return of liquor ~ 20 young men and women consider the world they are about to enter ~ The psychology of public statements in times of business depression and recovery.

The Davis Cup

By Herbert Reed

THE story is told in Paris of how Dwight F. Davis, wishing to witness the activities of the Chamber of Deputies during one of the numerous French cabinet crises, obtained admittance through the good offices of Ambassador Walter E. Edge and found himself placed behind a pillar. Representations were made. Mr. Davis's companion pointed out that Mr. Davis was a close friend of the American Ambassador. No result. It was then suggested that one who had been Governor-General of the Philippines really should be allowed to see more than one of the pillars of the Chamber. "Vaux rien," which is to say, nothing doing. It was whispered that Mr. Davis had been American Secretary of War. This produced a non-expressive Latin shrug.

"But this gentleman is M. Davis, donor of the Davis Cup." The effect was magical. "But why did not Monsieur say so at once? Way for M. Davis!" and Mr. Davis settled himself comfortably on the front row.

Even with cabinet crises, economic conferences, discussions of war debts, and such moves for international cooperation, Mr. Davis's cup is still very much in the front row.

A world-wide tension on the courts of more than thirty nations takes care of that. The Davis Cup, now in its 33d year, points that tension up through May and June to the blazing international climax of late July, which, through the medium of long-continued supremacy, has been highly nationalized by the French. When they take the courts at Roland Garros Stadium these Frenchmen are playing not merely for the tennis championship of the world, for nation-wide supremacy in a mere sport, but for "La Patrie" itself. And that national idea will reach probably its greatest intensity this time because of the imminent threat of a long-geared, imperturbable young Californian, H. Ellsworth Vines, Jr., who promises, with the aid of his companions, to transfer the famous cup, along with the huge silver saucer made necessary in order to provide engraving territory for the names of all the winners, back to its original home. It was only a year ago that nothing but the intense patriotism of the popular Basque, Jean Borotra, the beloved "Blue Devil" of the courts, inspired that veteran to such heights of play as to turn back once more the American invasion.

The mere fact that all the other nations will have been eliminated by the time of the challenge round serves only to tauten the strain. England gone, Australia gone, Germany gone, Argentina gone; these are just steps up in the general tightening of interest. The beaten nations, from active competitors, become active partisans of one group of finalists or the other. These nations remain very much in high gear clear to the finish, so that the French championships, themselves, the British high-strung tennis and social affair at Wimbledon, are episodes only, gorgeous enough, to be sure, but still episodes.

No wonder the diplomats take to this game, since it becomes a furious upsurge of their pent-up emotions—a sort of combat release from the austere self-control of the chancellery. Temperamental holiday at Washington, London, Geneva.

It is this very intensity, indeed, that has brought upon the game such criticism as it has had to undergo from time to time, that has accounted for more than one display of waspish temperament, that has developed into this or that *cause célèbre,* that has led to various charges, always extremely difficult of proof, of commercialism and what not, that has attracted the professional promoter alike to his brief triumph and his more lasting doom, that has led one of our foremost players to assert that he was tired of being a "tennis bum," that has led to more than one delicate international episode, but that has also given us examples of superb sportsmanship, skill and endurance. It has proved perhaps the greatest "spotlight" game of the world, and incomparably the most fascinating to the greatest number of sportsmen and sportswomen of the greatest variety of complexions.

In this country, at least, where the independent income is not, or at least was not, the fairly everyday affair that it was wont to be among so many British and Continental sportsmen, the

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question naturally arises, Who pays for all this? along with its companion, How are these pampered young international athletes enabled to spend months on end in the four quarters of the globe just playing tennis? The answer is, gate receipts. Tennis is one of the few sports that have succeeded notably in beating the depression. Gate receipts account for the ability of these stars to accept invitations to far-off Australia, South Africa, and elsewhere.

These ambitious expeditions are looked upon as so much tennis "missionary" work, as the Association likes to call it. The invitation tournaments, more or less sumptuous so far as the players are concerned, are, in the matter of "legitimate" expenses, almost a law unto themselves, although they are under the ægis of the Association. There are of course private and social as well as club invitations. It is this sort of thing that has led to so many of the scandals, and also to the growling of so many of the rank and file, whose entry fees go into the Association fund. In the case of the Davis Cup undertaking itself, the expenses of the players are paid by the Association from the time they are named as members of the team, which includes, of course, the tuning up at the Southern winter resorts and all the time spent in putting a team together. Internationally, the first charge on the gate receipts is for the first three players under International Federation rules. According to the cash available or in sight, extra players are added, in this case probably up to a total of five.

Challenging countries must get their people to the scene of combat and home again. This occasionally works a hardship. In the case of a team like the Australasians, for instance, who have long distances to cover, there must be enough actual playing days to pull them through. It wasn't so long ago that the men from "Down Under" went out in a very early round far from home, and when they got home the treasury of their association was so depleted that it looked for a time as if there would be no Davis Cup Australasians for at least three years. In the case of the national treasuries it would be well to remember that each is a mutual organization. There are no profits. The officers serve without pay and all the money taken in is spent on tennis and nothing else.

It is a fair statement of fact, I think, that nobody in the playing ranks is getting rich on tennis or anywhere near it. Johnny Doeg, with a great tennis future before him, had to quit at the top of the national heap because he could not afford to sacrifice a good business opportunity. Doeg simply made for himself the decision that confronts every star player on the courts sooner or later. Not all of them make that decision. The temptation to stick along with the game is very great, since the player on the court is conspicuous to a degree rarely found in any other game. Automatically this takes care of actual court sportsmanship, offenses against which are so rare as to be negligible.

There have been many abuses of the invitation tournament, due to the competition of clubs for star players. Bill Tilden, the famous, and Vincent Richards, the almost equally famous, have popped into their share of hot water. Both are now professionals, following the loss of the battle over the player-writer rule, in the course of which "Vinnie" especially had many sympathizers. While this battle was on, the customary chant in the press enclosure was "Page Holcombe Ward," Ward being the buffer state of the committee dealing with complaints of "player-writing." Today Mrs. Moody profits by her writings and drawings dealing with tennis. It is to be carefully noted, however, that she does not "cover" matches. It was over the moot point of shop-keeping, not confined to tennis, however, that the popular Mary Browne turned professional. There are many tangles and snarls of this sort and they have not all been settled yet. It will be remembered that one Davis Cup enterprise, at the instigation of the French, who admittedly love to see the gate receipts coming to the rescue (as indeed does the U. S. L. T. A.) "went diplomatic" to the extent of calling for the good offices of Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, so that Bill Tilden could represent the United States. At a guess I am inclined to think that the business enterprises of some of the players (a very few) and some of the officials of the tennis world profited through the *réclame* and the acquaintance of the tennis connection.

Bill Tilden, who has nursed histrionic ambitions, was a flop on the stage and a star actor *and* tennis player on the courts. Jean Borotra, the popular and versatile Basque, is not always on the verge of abandoning the game merely because of advancing age but because of the encroachments of the plumbing-fixture business. It was business that eventually made a permanent American of the always delightful Spaniard, Manuel Alonso. So here and there, and in certain ways, no doubt the tennis connection has been in the way of a business advancement. Which doesn't make George Lott's reference to "tennis bums" any the less slightly hysterical.

In this country at least there is probably less money in tennis than in almost any other professional sport. And what there is has come from a special branch, which I shall call exhibition tennis. Even this has as a condition precedent a reputation as a national amateur champion or as a Davis Cup player.

Right here I should like to point out that the professional golfer and the professional tennis player outside the special exhibition class have nothing in common. Exhibition tennis is not for such steady wheel horses, for instance, as George Agutter of the West Side Club. Tilden and Richards started this exhibition tennis. It is, strictly speaking, not "instructors' tennis." After all the uproar over an Open Tennis Championship, and after all the effort, finally successful, to gain the International Federation's sanction to it, the plan has fallen through this year. No club tennis professional, without weeks of special preparation and play can hope to compete with any of the first ten in the amateur ranking. The instruction work kills their game. Most of the instructor's time is put in with promising young players, with middle-aged pupils, boys, and even dowagers. He must perforce "soften" his game constantly to make it possible to instruct. The professional golfer's shots are equally good for instruction and his own practice.

This year's American Davis Cup team is built upon youth as usual, and mainly upon college youth. The young collegians must produce both college and parental permission for the time taken up by the game. In a few cases the collegians have been able to get their

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work up ahead. That is a matter for the faculties. At the apex stands today a tall Californian, newly married, easy-gaited, loosely strung, a master of stroke and apostle of "sting," while its base is supported by a countless army of knee-panted small boyhood devoted to what is, when dissected, one of the simplest of all games.

Every small-boy tennis player in America is "sold" on Vines, as is shown by a heavy mail at the offices of the U. S. L. T. A. It is no secret that Dwight F. Davis, Fitz-Eugene Dixon, Lawrence A. Baker, of the Davis Cup selection Committee, and its chairman, Bernon S. Prentice, believe in Vines just as thoroughly as do the small boys, and that they think this is America's big chance after all these years of waiting for the disintegration of the French tennis machine. It has seemed an inseparable part of Davis Cup history that victory is held by dynasties of two. It was so first in the reign of the two Dohertys of England, the Big and Little Do, then of Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding of Australia, the latter a war victim just after the great battle with "Red" McLaughlin in the challenge round of 1914 at Forest Hills, of Bill Tilden and Bill Johnston, the latter among the best-loved of all tennis players, and Cochet and LaCoste.

There seems to be a chance, and a good chance, for the founding of a new dynasty. The other "dependable" may turn up in George Lott, Wilmer L. Allison, the tall Texan, Clifford Sutter, the young Louisiana stylist, Francis X. Shields, the New Yorker from Oklahoma, Lester R. Stoefen, the California whirlwind, John W. Van Ryn, the Philadelphia Davis Cup veteran—there are yet unexplored possibilities in all of them. Vines, however, is at this stage of the game admittedly the premier player in the world, and less affected than any other by a change from one type of court to another. He has no fear either of Wimbledon or the *en-tout-cas* soft surfaces of the French tennis terrain. It is a fair guess that the doubles team will turn up in the persons of Lott and Van Ryn. Another doubles triumph, a pair of victories by Vines, and the cup comes home.

Tennis is an old enough game both on the public and club courts and in the colleges so that our teams have that mysterious and effective thing known as "background." The team is in and of the American tennis family. These players began as boys, every one of them. A few are still hardly more than boys. The public and the college courts are close behind them.

Is Vines another "Bill" Tilden? There are those who think he is better than Tilden ever was. Is there a spare victory in Lott or Allison? In Sutter or Shields or Stoefen? Possibly. Roland Garros will answer that. With tennis in its present healthy financial condition, however, one thing is certain, and that is that this pleasant sort of tennis "bumming" will go on, abroad if we lose at Auteuil, at home at Forest Hills if we win. And it is even possible that a team will be sent around the world, on a "missionary" tour, a suggestion that was abandoned this year. It will be remembered, perhaps, that the founder of the trophy, while still an undergraduate at Harvard, was one of the original missionaries to the Golden Gate—no insinuations intended.

World's End: 1893-1933

By R. L. Duffus

Whether or not depressions are psychological it is certain that there is a psychology of depressions. The hysteria of the big boom passes over into the hysteria of the big slump. Between the slump and the boom there is, perhaps, an interval of sanity—if society, measured by the standards which alienists apply to individuals, can ever be said to be wholly sane.

Let me illustrate my point by certain comparisons between the hard times which began in 1893 and those which were ushered in by the stock-market collapse of 1929. I shall ignore economic and financial curves and trends and refer only to states of mind, as reflected in what people said and wrote. I shall confine myself to the depression of 1893–97 for my illustrations, trusting to my intelligent and enlightened readers to find parallels in current discussions.

First, there is the illusion of quick recovery. The stock-market collapse in 1893 took place in May. I make a few quotations at random:

"It looks now as if the country had seen the worst of its trouble and that the end was in sight."—*Oliver W. Berry, President of the Tradesmen's Bank of New York City, July 1, 1893.*

"I believe today was the crucial day in the history of the present financial troubles and that the tide turned favorably. I am going home in the morning satisfied the worst is over. . . . I believe we shall see a restoration of confidence from this time on."—*Governor Roswell P. Flower of New York, July 27, 1893.*

"In my opinion the present conditions do warrant the expectation of a speedy return to healthy but not active business."—*August Belmont, September 8, 1893.* [Notice Mr. Belmont's caution.]

"In all branches of trade merchants realize that the period of depression has passed, and they look forward to con-

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tinued activity and profit for some time to come."—*A typical New York newspaper editorial of late August, 1894.*

Had the tide turned? It had not. The worst was just beginning. Allan Nevins has called the period from July 1, 1894, to July 1, 1895, "the *année terrible* of American history between Reconstruction and the World War."

The second stage, following the illusion of quick recovery, is that in which it is generally believed that all is lost. This stage may seem to overlap the first because business men, public officials and editors will often speak in optimistic terms for the same reasons that boys whistle while passing a graveyard after dark—not because they are not scared but because they are.

Thus while metropolitan editors, in January, 1894, were carrying on a campaign to prove that recovery had set in, Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania was calling this "a crisis among the most appalling in our economic history." "All our industries," said this dejected statesman, "suffered immediate collapse; trade, foreign and domestic, became paralyzed; the ghost of distrust stalked threatening in all the avenues of commerce, and fear fell on all men, rich and poor alike. As a people we walk today in the valley of desolation."

Here are some other melancholy morsels which might, with a change in the wording here and there, have been written yesterday:

"The times are full of unrest, disaster and apprehension."—*Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, addressing the Indiana State Republican Convention in April, 1894.* [To do the great man justice he believed that even though the times were out of joint a sufficiently high protective tariff would set them right.]

"Labor must stand at a disadvantage so long as the supply of productive plant exceeds the possibilities of consumption; and hence the meaning of everywhere declining wages."—*The New York Journal of Commerce, September, 1894.* [Page Mr. Howard Scott and the Technocrats.]

"There are several millions of working people out of employment in this country today, many of whom are in a starving condition. Trade and commerce are almost prostrated, factories are idle, wages lower than ever before." —*Washington Times* [*then a Labor publication*], *January, 1895.*

"The agricultural population of this country will in fifty years be poor and illiterate, made up of hired laborers on great estates, of tenants and of proprietors of small patches of ground which they will cultivate with the spade and of whose produce they will eat only what cannot be sold."—*Fred Perry Powers, in Lippincott's Magazine for February, 1895.* [But Mr. Powers' half century has still twelve years to run.]

"The cycles of business prosperity show a steadily diminishing tendency. Formerly economists and merchants looked for alternate decades of inflation and depression, but now and in future we must anticipate more prolonged eras of slack trade and general cheapness, with correspondingly short periods of high prices and business activity. *We are living in a transition period.* [The italics are mine; doesn't the phrase sound familiar, though?] . . . Men's hearts are failing them for fear of what the future may have in store for them." —*H. E. M. Stutfield in Blackwood's Magazine, quoted in Public Opinion, April 4, 1895.* [Then, as now, we were importing some of our finest brands of pessimism, as well as some of our best woolens and leather goods, from England.]

For certain temperaments this sort of thing was grand. It gave them the same relief that a woman—should I say an old-fashioned woman?—gets when she sits down and has a good cry. Perhaps, if they were still eating three square meals a day while hundreds of thousands of others were on the verge of starvation, this wallowing in gloom tended to ease their consciences.

But mere gloom is not dramatic. Hence two major events, which may be alluded to as The Great Debs Rebellion and The Great Coxey Rebellion, helped to let off steam. I shall not describe these familiar bits of history, except to remind my readers that Mr. Debs endeavored to start a general railway strike in order to help the employees of Mr. Pullman win their argument with their boss, that violence occurred, especially around Chicago, and that President Cleveland ordered out the federal troops over the protest of Governor Altgeld of Illinois, and that Mr. Coxey attempted to lead an "Army of the Commonweal of Christ" to Washington, D. C. The present depression has produced no Pullman strike, though it did give birth to a Bonus Expeditionary Force which in a general way served the same purpose. There is a similarity between the yowlings and caterwaulings which arose in 1894 over these episodes and those which were heard when the B. E. F. sifted into Washington last summer.

There had been an anarchist scare in New York and other cities in 1893. Almost any man who wore whiskers and did not approve of the way things were being run was likely to be suspected of being an anarchist, and as 1893 was before the days of the safety razor and things were really not being run very well, there were plenty of such persons around. The modern communist is a mild and androgynous creature compared with what the anarchist of 1893 and 1894 was supposed to be. The conservative press pretty soon decided that Coxey and Debs were as bad as anarchists, if not the same thing.

Coxey himself was mild enough. All he asked was that the government should print enough money to put the four million unemployed [his estimate] back to work. Some of his subordinates were more alarming. "All revolutions," said "General" Kelley at Council Bluffs, on April 22, 1894, "have received a baptism of blood and I don't expect this one will be an exception to the rule."

Said "Citizen" George Francis Train four days later: "I tell you the revolution is coming. It will be the greatest thing the world has ever seen. It will sweep everything before it. The idea of trying to stop those people when they come to Washington!"

Said a Milwaukee paper: "This Coxey 'army' will seem to many like the forerunner of that Paris mob which surrounded and influenced the National Convention of France in 1792, and whose influence was never broken until the whole country was deluged in a sea of rapine and blood."

Said *The New York Tribune,* former organ of Horace Greeley, denounced in his own time as a Socialist,

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a Free Lover, a Nigger Lover, and a God-Only-Knows-What: "Mr. Cleveland and his party were sowing the wind in 1892 when they were fostering social discontent, arraigning class against class [that wasn't the last time that phrase was used, either], and conspiring with Populists and Socialists to wreck the fortunes of the country. They are reaping the whirlwind now, when they have made Democracy and Populism almost identical, prostrated every business interest in the nation and set in motion over the face of the Continent straggling bands of fanatics and tramps crying aloud [crying was bad enough, but crying aloud was even worse, as *The Tribune* looked at the matter] for government issues of money for the unemployed and for the abolition of poverty by legislation against wealth, and stealing trains and firing upon deputy marshals when they are too weary to walk." [Another case of adding insult to injury.]

The Coxey Rebellion blew over, and the triumphant forces of law and order threw Mr. Coxey into a dungeon for twenty days for walking on the grass in front of the Capitol. The Debs Rebellion not only seemed more serious but was. I offer these gems:

"There is nothing to arbitrate."—*Statement by Mr. Pullman after the strike began.*

"The first shots fired by the regular soldiers at the mobs here will be the signal for a civil war. I believe this as firmly as I believe in the ultimate success of our cause. Bloodshed will follow and ninety per cent of the people of the United States will be arrayed against the other ten per cent. . . . I do not say this as an alarmist, but calmly and thoughtfully."—*Mr. Debs, July 5, 1894.*

"I look upon this so-called strike as the much-talked-of and long-anticipated struggle between law, order, and thrift on the one side and anarchy on the other. [More calmness and thoughtfulness.] The struggle was bound to come sooner or later."—*Colonel Loomis L. Langdon, commanding at Fort Hamilton, in New York harbor, July 8, 1894.*

"The soldiers must use their guns. They must shoot to kill."—*Reverend Doctor Herrick Johnson, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Chicago, July 9, 1894.*

The pious and Christ-like Doctor Johnson's wish was but feebly realized. Few were killed. Mr. Debs went to jail for a few months and became a Socialist. With this the revolutionary stage of the depression seemed to have passed.

The penultimate psychological phase of the period was a feeling that civilization was in the grip of forces too tremendous to control and which it was useless to denounce.

"All the symptoms of the times," said *The New York Journal of Commerce*, in December, 1894, "suggest that we are in the midst of the birth-throes of an era which will be the embodiment of a higher intelligence, a higher manhood and a more magnificent wealth; with what consequent changes in social relations must mainly depend upon how far these drifts are impeded by muddy legislation." Assistant United States Attorney General Whitney, in January, 1895, was also talking in terms of a new era. "We are rapidly passing," he declared, "out of a comparatively *laissez-faire* period into one of State Socialism."

Finally came the panacea period. The panaceas narrowed down to two: (1) the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; (2) the gold standard and sound money. When the dust of battle cleared away the depression was over. Perhaps McKinley's election ended it. Perhaps, as Mark Sullivan thinks, the cheapening of gold following upon the invention of the cyanide process of extraction, ended it. Perhaps it was about over, anyhow. With the depression vanished the psychology of depression. The nightmares of the dark hours departed. The "revolutions" of the 'nineties died down into the comfortable "progressivism" of the nineteen hundreds. Confidence in the essential soundness of capitalism returned. The economic system which had been so dreadfully shaken went prancing, high, wide, and handsome down several, though, as it turned out, not all of the corridors of time. Not until 1929 and thereafter did anything like the melancholy symptoms of the 'nineties return. But when they did return they were, to those who remembered, or took the trouble to investigate, the mental phenomena of the 'nineties, not altogether unfamiliar.

To say that people's mental reactions to the depression of the 'nineties resembled those characteristic of today's depression is not to say that the depressions are of about the same severity or must lead to about the same outcome. It is the last recurrent spasm of a chronic disease that kills, not the first. But the likeness of the symptoms suggests that it is at least not the symptoms that kill. The yowling of today is no louder than the yowling of four decades ago, and it comes, as it did then, in general from those who are least hurt. In general, too, it proceeds less from sympathy for the silent and suffering millions than from apprehension for personal comforts and privileges. The most violent utterances are never those of the revolutionary fanatics; they almost always emanate from Tory business men, editors and preachers who can only reconcile their consciences with the existence of widespread hunger and raggedness by presupposing criminal intentions among the hungry and the ragged.

If there has been a psychological change since the 'nineties it has arisen from a growing belief that the forces which produce unemployment and employment at starvation wages are not ordained of God and are not utterly beyond human control, and from a growing disillusionment with the wisdom of the stuffed shirts of Wall Street. The tendency to do something besides yowl is greater than it was—perhaps because of that huge and ominous experiment now going forward in what used to be the Russian Empire. President Roosevelt may go further than General Coxey dreamed of, though along a better-paved road.

Yet the more we change the more we are the same. To read the periodicals of the 'nineties, following the curve in the nation's mood which led from hope to abject despair and from despair back to renewed confidence is to smile at human frailties, to wonder at the manic-depressive character of the mass moods, with their swift alternations of overconfidence and uncalled-for gloom, and—ironically enough—to become a little more hopeful.

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We Who Are About to Drink

By Frank Schoonmaker

THE Prohibition Law is unlike all other laws—not, as has been often held, because it constitutes an infringement of personal rights, but because it is a law created for the express purpose of rendering itself obsolete and unnecessary. Upon this seeming paradox is based the entire philosophy of the Prohibition movement. For to those who, with Mrs. Ella Boole, consider "abstinence" and "temperance" synonymous (Messrs. Webster, Vizetelly, and Fowler to the contrary notwithstanding) alcohol represents not an innate or universal desire but a pernicious heritage. "The great objective," said Irving Fisher in his *Prohibition at Its Worst,* "is to break the chain by which the custom of drinking is passed on from generation to generation." And throughout a century of temperance literature one finds reference after reference to this ultimate aim: the bringing into the world of a generation free from the "taint of alcohol," a generation which would find the Prohibition Law as unnecessary as a law forbidding combat between men in armor, a generation, in other words, which, unlike the progenitors of the human race, would be satisfied to remain in ignorance of both apples and hard cider.

It is strange that so few people realize that today Mr. Fisher's "great objective" has been attained, that the "chain" has indeed been broken. Sixty per cent of those now alive in the United States have never had a legal opportunity to taste an alcoholic beverage inside the frontiers of this country. There are at present 73,000,000 persons in the United States who had not yet reached their eighteenth birthday when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. The generation "free from the taint of alcohol" therefore exists. But this generation seems curiously reluctant to remain in its temperance Eden.

This post-War, this Prohibition-bred, generation includes more than 23,000,000 qualified voters—or more voters

than Mr. Roosevelt received votes in the November elections. It may fairly be said, therefore, that this generation is already playing a critical part, and will play an increasingly preponderant part in the determination of American policies. Were it possible for the Dry leaders to tie up in the white ribbons of the W. C. T. U. even half of these votes, there would neither now nor in the future be any question of the passage of a Repeal Amendment which can be completely blocked by 1,200,000 voters, or by one per cent of the population of the United States. To this decidedly wet swing in a generation which came of age more than three years after Prohibition went into effect must be given the credit or the blame for Repeal when it comes.

We, then, who are about to drink, we who are about to drink, save under cover or abroad, for the first time, have done this thing—we have killed Cock Robin. It may take the larger part of our lifetime to inter the body, but Repeal is essentially our problem and it will remain our responsibility.

The Dry will no doubt see, in our renunciation of an achievement which cost him and his fellow-workers a half century of labor, only the unconsidered action of a generation which is not familiar with the evils of the open saloon. The ardent Wet will interpret our attitude as the reaction which a period of fanaticism and bigotry invariably begets. But the impartial observer will say only that a new America has grown up.

One cannot suppress, whatever one's opinions, a certain feeling of sympathy for those obviously sincere and today very tragic champions of Prohibition who have grown old in harness. But one cannot read their writings without realizing that they belong essentially to another day. It would, to say the least, be difficult to get any group of modern youngsters to sing "Tremble, King Alcohol, We Shall Grow Up," and the adolescents of 1933 are scarcely likely to recite, without furtive smiles, the old teetotaller's tum-te-tum:

> I promise not to buy, sell or give
> Alcoholic liquors while I live.
> From all tobacco I'll abstain
> And never take God's name in vain.

But for some reason (and in this lies perhaps the obscure basic cause of their rout) the Prohibitionists have remained entirely unaware of this changed psychology. To them Prohibition is still The Cause; they seem unaware that it has been, for fifteen years, not a Cause but a state of affairs. Is it that they do not understand that a cause and a state of affairs have nothing in common—that the first feeds on overstatement and dogma, on prophecies and programs; that the second, which is by definition on the defensive, demands accuracy of statement, fulfillments and results? What rendered Hitler popular was essentially what rendered Hoover unpopular—promises; but Hitler was a Cause and Hoover a state of affairs. And the theory to which Ortega y Gasset has given the name "uchronianism"—a blind faith in the existence of a utopia, separated from the present not

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by space but by time—is likely to prove, in the long run, poor fare.

The Dry leaders have failed. And they have failed primarily because they have been unwilling or unable to understand that the generation now come of age is, whatever its faults, an essentially sceptical generation. We have been brought up in a mechanical age and we are statistically minded. And we have, I believe, invented more synonyms for the word "nonsense" than any generation in history. We know boloney when we see it, and we have seen a great deal.

We have heard Mr. Henry Ford say (in *The Pictorial Review* for September, 1929) that "for myself, if booze ever comes back to the United States, I am through with manufacturing"—and ever since a convention in the State of Michigan (a State dry long before Prohibition) voted 99 to 1 for Repeal, we have awaited with interest the announcement that would make Dearborn into a ghost town over night. We are, I may say, still waiting.

We have been informed, not only by Mr. Irving Fisher and Mrs. Ella Boole, but by all the outstanding advocates of Prohibition, that "the liquor trade enriched no one except a few brewers and distillers," and that the $3,000,000,000 which the United States annually spent on liquor before Prohibition has since been diverted into the "channels of legitimate trade." Meanwhile we have discovered that 18,000,000 people in France are supported, at least in part, by the wine industry, and occasionally we have been impelled to wonder why the money spent by the American public on gasoline for joy rides, on movie tickets and cosmetics and lemon pop should be considered "legitimate" and money spent on beer and wine "a dead loss."

We have listened with a measure of incredulity while Mr. F. Scott McBride assured us that the Anti-Saloon League was "born of God." In view of a certain supper nineteen hundred years ago in Cana, and in view of the fact that Luther was a heavy drinker, it has seemed to us that Mr. McBride was taking for granted a rather astonishing *volte face* on the part of God.

We have noted that Mr. Pickett states that alcohol, even when "administered" in small doses, is a poison, and that Mr. Gordon believes that the person who drinks in moderation but regularly is "the worst sort" and should be sterilized by the state. And then we have observed that Pasteur called wine "the healthiest and most hygienic of beverages." As far as scientific matters are concerned, we would rather trust Pasteur than Mr. Pickett and Mr. Gordon.

In short we know that Prohibition is not necessary to industry (witness Germany), nor necessary to the safe and successful operation of cars (there are cars in Europe), nor a preventive of crime (there were, in 1928, six times as many homicides per hundred thousand of population in the United States as in Canada), nor a guarantee of prosperity (witness our unemployment figures), nor particularly conducive to happy marriage (there were, in 1929, more divorces granted in Texas than in all France). And we have begun to wonder a little just what Prohibition is good for after all.

The rather unflattering light of a dry decade has, I believe, revealed to every thinking person certain elementary flaws in the structure of Prohibitionist thought. We no longer find it possible to agree with the Drys that alcohol, whether used in moderation or abused, is an evil, and invariably detrimental not only to human efficiency but, what is far more important, to human happiness as well. This assumption, which constitutes the very cornerstone of the Dry credo, has, so far as I know, never been proved to the satisfaction of science and is never likely to be. But with all this thrown overboard we are face to face with an inevitable dilemma. With respect to the whole question, we must either take an entirely rationalistic stand —and say simply that alcohol, whether evil or no, is something that man cannot or will not do without, that there is nothing to be gained by attempting to legislate it out of existence, that people have always drunk to excess and that they always will; or we may, on the other hand, take the position that human beings can and must learn to use alcohol in a civilized fashion. It seems to me that this second attitude is the only one compatible with any faith in the dignity of the human animal.

At the mention of civilized drinking in the United States one can almost hear the well-worn reply—that Americans do not know how to drink, that they cannot be taught to drink wine, that they are by race and by temperament drinkers of hard liquor. I trust that patriotism will never make me blind to the shortcomings of my fellow-countrymen, which are many, but this, concerning Americans as a whole, I cannot and will not believe. In the first place, I am not aware of the existence of any considerable society, consisting of members of the white race and free of religious scruples concerning alcohol, which, living for more than two or three hundred years in a country where wine grapes can be grown, has failed to become a wine-drinking society. In the second place, a nation which passes prohibition legislation by an overwhelming majority, and which thirteen years later repeals such legislation by a majority no less overwhelming, cannot conceivably be said to have any profound convictions or definite tendencies so far as alcohol is concerned. In the third place, a race that can learn, in a decade, to drink bootleg gin in cocktails and bootleg whisky out of flasks (not to speak of "ginger jake," wood alcohol, and "Sterno") can learn to drink anything, including good beer and fine wines.

The repeal of Prohibition will be, as I have pointed out, the first important political expression of the generation which has come of age since 1920. And I sincerely believe that this country is today nearer than ever before in its history to a régime of civilized drinking. Almost 30,000,000 young Americans have had, in this matter, no choice except between abstinence and bootleg liquor. That a vast number of them have preferred bootleg is, I think, fairly obvious. It is certainly no less obvious that, with the coming of Repeal, these millions will switch to other forms of alcoholic drinks concerning which they know at present little or nothing. Cannot we hope, in this period of transition, for the disappearance of the cocktail party and the other gruesome phenomena of the past ten years?

There are two major obstacles. The first is the persistent attitude of the fanatic Drys, who will certainly make an effort to keep liquor bad, since they will no longer be permitted to make it poisonous, and who may even go so far as to advocate unrestricted drinking and unrestricted saloons in the hope of producing, through what might almost be called *agents provocateurs*, a reaction in favor of Prohibition. The second obstacle is the ignorance of the American

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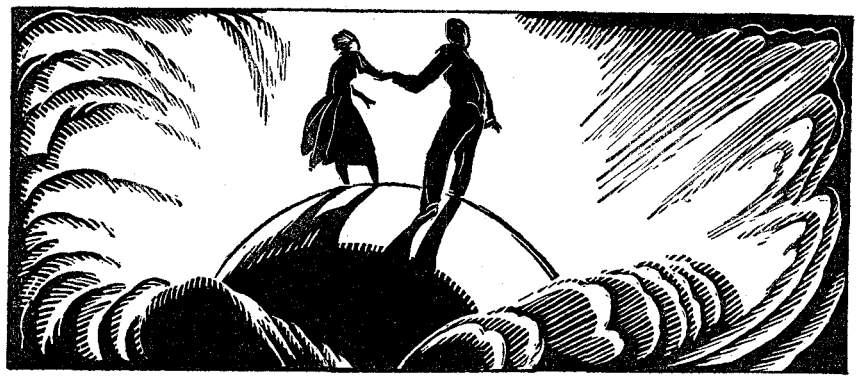
people on this subject. There will unquestionably be attempts to hedge about with absurd restrictions the sale of so excellent and so harmless a beverage as beer; and efforts will be made to pass legislation limiting the alcoholic content of natural wines.

Nevertheless there should certainly be enough people in this country, more interested in the future of America than in the shadowy ideal of abstinence, to focus the attention of the mass of voters upon two or three patent facts: that connoisseurs are not drunkards, that connoisseurship is impossible without good liquor, and that without plentiful and inexpensive wine and beer there can be no civilized drinking.

I wonder whether there is any truly civilized person in the world who would rather dine with Mrs. Boole (and drink mint juleps made according to Mrs. Boole's special recipe out of ginger ale) than have dined with the late George Saintsbury, and shared with him a bottle of some such pernicious poison as Château Lafite 1865. Would even Mrs. Boole actually believe that Mr. Saintsbury injured himself "morally, mentally, and physically" by drinking that sublime and fragrant life blood of the Médoc, and just what answer can a Prohibitionist make to that remarkable statement of his:

"One may . . . say, with a certainty of saying the truth, that for every evil deed that fact or fancy or the unscrupulous exaggeration of partisans can charge on alcohol, it has prompted a hundred good ones; that for every life it has destroyed or spoiled it has made thousands happy; that much of the best imaginative work of the world has been due to its influence; and that as has been amply shown of late it has given 'more power to the elbow' of stout . . . fighters in the best of causes."

The chill day of Prohibition is at last almost over. Alcohol will return—but not to the same America that so unceremoniously turned it out of doors a decade and a half ago. It will be welcomed by another generation and another America, an America which has learned in lean years that mechanical efficiency is not the end-all of human life, an America which perhaps has learned as well that the moderate use of all the pleasurable things that the world has to offer is the foundation and the basis of civilization.



What Kind of World Are Young People Facing?

Interviews with 20 Young Men and Women

By Helen Christine Bennett

The heritage of world conditions descends directly to those young people who are on the verge of becoming adult. Reared and educated according to formulas and beliefs presented to them as life-long tenets for their behavior and action, boys and girls just about to emerge into the responsibilities of life must work, willy nilly, with the world they inherit. The question as to what kind of world this is in the eyes of some of the young people grew directly from conversations in our home among friends of our daughter. As I listened in I began to realize that these boys and girls of from seventeen to twenty-three were defining the world they expected to live and work in and their attitude towards it and the generation immediately responsible for it, the generation of their parents. The conversations covered three main topics. Economics came first, because they were soon to be engaged in making a living. Second came their idealistic and religious outlook, and last their intimate interests of the near future, marriage, divorce and birth control.

Looking at the world today through the eyes of these young people I found that their views were clearer than I had supposed they could possibly be amid the mental confusion of the adults supposed to be their guardians. I was surprised at the kindness of their attitude towards the people who were responsible for the teaching they must now largely discard. I questioned whether this group was at all typical of young people in general. I decided to find out. New York City is a laboratory in which a score of young people can easily be found and questioned. I found them through friends, settlements, schools and accident. There was no "selection" except that the whole group represented a social cross section, running from the sons and daughters of laborers to those of well-to-do bankers and lawyers. It included graduates of grammar and high schools and students and graduates of two universities.

As we talked I found that the opinions and ideas of the home group were sustained. All of the boys and girls were thinking in the same terms of the world of their immediate future. I asked:

"What kind of world do you personally want to live in?"

Said one boy, "A peaceful one. War gets in my way. I want an assured, happy world. Then I can work."

The entire group declared for peace, and more than half explained that peace is "essential to individual freedom of action."

As a world of assurance and peace is far from the one of today, I asked:

"Do you blame the older people, those

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in control, for conditions as they are, particularly for economic conditions and the way they have been handled?"

"For conditions, no," replied a girl of twenty-three who has been working in a bank. "For their handling, yes. People were greedy for easy money through speculation, hence the slump. Now there is a chance to control. Government and business should combine; they have a joint responsibility to people willing to work. All through, business has taken an unfair advantage."

"Older people would have had to be super men and women to have stopped depression," said a boy of twenty who has been working in Wall Street. "Our social system has passed its maximum; it must be repaired or something else substituted."

Only one boy blamed his parents' generation for present-day conditions. "Sure they could have been avoided," he said. "We used to die of appendicitis, now we almost always get the cause out in time. We know what causes depressions, but our elders will not apply scientific methods and cut the causes out. Today government should be responsible to the individual for taking on the mechanism of life and developing it in the best possible manner. This makes business possible, so business should be responsible to and dependent upon government."

Although they believed that the depression could not have been avoided, the efforts made to handle it were scouted.

"Mark-time methods," said a boy. "Older people are still thinking in terms of prosperity. They are not really trying to get anything new for this period or the one to come. We are at the time when the government should take on responsibility for food and work."

Three girls presented definite views as to the relation of government to the people.

"We differ from our parents in that we feel that government and business have a direct responsibility to us. In their youth our parents had to face the fact that somebody had to starve and go half clothed. Now we know that nobody need go hungry and the responsibility for seeing that people have food and clothing becomes a general—a government responsibility."

"Government owes me protection for life and property. It calls on me as a patriot to defend it, so it owes me the chance to go out and make my living. Special advancement I must make for myself."

"Government owes me protection in person and earnings. I feed government through taxes; it must feed me or see that I earn food."

One boy disagreed with the group in placing the responsibility for food, clothing and a chance to work upon government. He said:

"Government can assure safety and freedom. Business must assume responsibility for employment. Business is avoiding responsibility."

Not one of the group offered a blanket formula in the shape of socialism, communism or a dictatorship, although all three were mentioned as possibilities.

"They may come but the people do not want them," was the verdict.

Detailed questions as to immediate remedies brought replies that are familiar. "Reorganization of banking, adequate credit, a more equitable distribution of wealth, and close federal control of the stock exchange," were insisted upon. One less familiar suggestion came from a boy who intends to be an architect.

"Make it impossible to collect more than 6 per cent return on homes for people with incomes of from $2000 to $3000 a year," he said. "Well, why restrict that to the housing business? This is an emergency like War. Only 20 per cent of the people were engaged in the business of actual warfare in the World War. Conditions today affect 80 per cent. Limit all business to a 6-per-cent return under a Federal Board of Strategy."

"If 6 per cent were the limit of return on capital," I asked, "where would the remaining profits go?"

"To the consumers and producers," he answered, "in lower prices and higher wages."

Regardless of personal attitude toward drinking, the entire group approved of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. This 100-per-cent vote was not wholly in the interest of a help toward better times. These young people who have lived through Prohibition are honestly bewildered.

"I've puzzled all my thinking years," said a boy who is a graduate of Columbia University, "for some real reason for Prohibition. Unless drunkenness was very bad, which does not seem to have been the case, I cannot see how it came to be."

He represents the majority. Seventy per cent of the boys and 60 per cent of the girls drink.

"But drinking is a small part of it all," warned one girl. "When Prohibition passes it will be a relief to have a society which does not accept rum runners. That sort of thing upsets everything."

I asked:

"Have you a religion? If not what do you use, if anything, as idealism?"

"Do you think your parents and their generation have religion and idealism?"

"Do you blame them for what they have passed on to you?"

No boy or girl blamed parents for religious training.

"They did the best they knew," was the sum of the replies. Even those who had hated long hours of Sunday school and church refused to censure their parents. Just one lad praised his parents for his freedom.

"They think they have a religion," he said. "But like most grown folks they kid themselves. They have passed from illusion to disillusion and do not admit it. But they showed me their way once, and then let me go. And I thank them. Now I have a code of ethics and no religion."

Seven boys stated that they had no religion but had replaced it with "a moral code," "enthusiasm for humanity, for work, for art." Of the minority one said:

"I have a personal religion which I hesitate to formulate. It has no church; church is a waste of time."

Two are members of the Roman Catholic Church. One said:

"I value church; I think it is a poetic value. Belief? Me? Well, there might be something after death. I don't know."

The second:

"I don't go to church any more. I don't know."

In sharp contrast, all the girls save one avowed a religion. Three are regular church members and attendants. The others have "personal religions."

"Mine is nebulous," confessed Caroline, a high-school graduate. "I attend church sometimes; it soothes and the drama pleases me. But I do not believe

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in a personal God and a hereafter."

"I believe because I feel the need of belief," said a girl whose family is Jewish. "My God is not the Father who looks after His children, but a kind of human God who is not infallible."

The girl who said that she had no religion stated:

"I do not believe in God or Fate. My own fate is in my hands. I think this earth is some kind of experiment gone to seed."

Girls and boys were doubtful as to the religion possessed by mature people.

"As far as form goes," said a twenty-two-year-old lad, "older people are sincere. But they often use church and religion to shift responsibilities, take sins to church and lose them through priest or prayer."

"Religion is a habit that feels good and looks well," said a girl. "As they get older the fear of dying and the fact that their friends and relatives are rapidly dying off sends them into churches. By that time they expect little and are easily satisfied."

The general opinion was that older people use church and religion as "a relief," "a habit," "a form of enjoyment and satisfaction," and "a social agency." Not one word of devotion to a belief, of the beauty of religion, of faith, or of self-sacrifice, was spoken.

Idealism among mature people is, according to the boys and girls, limited.

"Very few middle-aged people have idealism except for their children," was the verdict.

The questions concerning marriage and divorce were answered with a promptness that indicated how much thought had been given to this subject.

"As marriage and divorce are handled, they are an awful muddle," said Eleanor. "The laws of one State contradict those of another. Federal law should regulate marriage and divorce." The entire group agreed.

"Ridiculous to live in hell because you haven't carfare to Reno," commented Anne. The two girls who are members of the Roman Catholic Church stood with the church in opposing divorce. The two boys said:

"The church attitude on divorce is wrong. It keeps a lot of people married who shouldn't be." One added:

"I'd be married in church. But divorce is not a religious item."

When asked,

"Do you believe in birth control and would you practise it?" all four replied, "Yes."

Said Rena:

"My church does not believe in birth control. But I cannot believe in bringing twelve into the world and not being able to care for them. That is a crime."

John, who left school in the grammar grades, said:

"I shall not have more children than I can take care of. Large families are simply not being done these days, church or no church."

Those boys and girls not affected by church attitude spoke with greater freedom.

"Why fuss about birth control?" asked Don. "It is established."

Said Caroline:

"Absolutely yes. It makes no difference what any one says. And I want children."

All twenty regardless of religion favored birth control.

We had not talked of marriage itself. I asked:

"What does marriage mean? Does it mean anything as you see it in your parents' generation?"

Agreement that real marriages among middle-aged people are rare, was general.

"They usually have a philosophical or resigned outlook on a bad job," said a twenty-two-year-old college boy. "I believe that intelligent people stand a better chance of real marriage. With the ignorant, flaws in each other become obsessions."

Five girls but no boy advanced the idea that middle-aged couples found happiness in their children. The entire group voted permanent unions desirable even when as the two girls quoted they decided that they would take lovers, or as several of the more reticent boys stated that they are "incapable of constancy." But the idealistic attitude towards marriage was evidenced even in the nature of these replies. One boy said shyly:

"I have idealism for marriage; that must be apparent to you. I guess all young people have. Else why should we take so much trouble, physical examinations, psychical examinations—any one can see we are looking for the perfect thing."

I asked:

"Has your idealistic outlook toward life altered because of the conditions of life today?"

The majority of the boys replied that they never had "a very rosy outlook." One boy insisted:

"Idealism depends upon self, not circumstances." The others felt that they had lost something.

"I am not the same. I hate feeling dependent." This from a boy who had lost his job.

"I feel a sort of hatred at not being able to go out and make a living," said a boy who has never held a job and in the financial sense has no need to make a living.

"Yes, rum runners, graft exposures and general incompetence have hurt me. My personal ambitions are intact," said a graduate of Columbia University.

Two girls answered, "No." One was the girl I met in the theatre. She said:

"Such conditions would have robbed me of idealism, only I am a very far-sighted person and I expect things to change. I can hold on until they do."

The second girl replied:

"I have a goal. I can get there when depression passes."

All of the others felt that they had been hurt.

"I have lost confidence in myself. I worked hard to get a high-school education. I find it counts for nothing."

"I never doubted my ability to do something. But now I doubt myself and my ability."

"I want, and most girls want, an application of the Golden Rule. Prosperity may be no more idealistic than depression if you could see beneath the surface. But when you are brought up in public schools which teach 'my country right or wrong' and you are taught not to say anything against anything the U. S. A. has ever done, and then such conditions come, of course you are hurt."

The whole attitude of these young people may be summed up in this last word from one of them:

"We live in a world of lost faith. But we have enough idealism to want more than anything else to have that faith restored."

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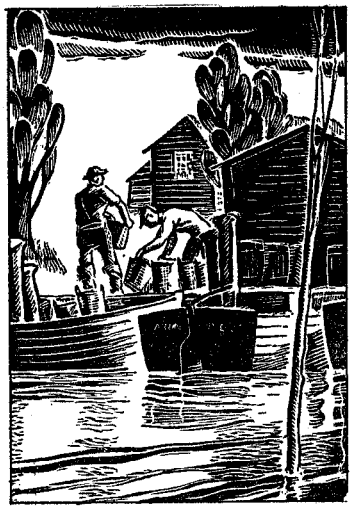
LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Fisherman's Wife

Anonymous

Her yacht became a Barnegat fishing boat and she found a new life on the shores of the bay, as her husband earned their living from the sea. New values appeared and poverty showed its virtues as well as its sorrows.



THE wind off the Atlantic is raw at four o'clock in the morning, even in summer, and I pull my sweater closer about my throat as Tom and I walk down the sandy road between the tar-paper shacks where the fishermen live. The long low fish shed on the dock and the high round shaft of Barnegat Lighthouse are beginning to take form out of the darkness. The slightly sour smell of Barnegat Bay salt marshes is strong in the air.

The waves lap softly against the fishing skiffs tied in orderly rows along the breakwater. The fishermen, awkward in rubber hip-boots and stiff yellow oilskins, shuffle clumsily past the piles of wooden boxes and wire baskets to stow their gear and tin lunch cans in their boats. They make their preparations swiftly and with little to say beyond an occasional speculative comment about the weather.

"What you think about it, Axel?" The names one hears are like that—Axel and Olaf, Sven and Hans. Except for Tom and two or three native Barnegaters, these men of the fishing fleet are Scandinavians with the blood of seafaring Norsemen in their veins.

Axel scans the sky, the stars overhead, the faint pinkish glow on the eastern horizon. "Looks all right to me."

The other is getting the feel of the wind. "I don't think she shift before night."

Tom climbs down into his skiff and does something with a monkey wrench. There is a staccato sputter, and the motor starts with a roar. As it warms up, he pulls on oilskins and boots, and listens to the speculation about the weather. Axel, the acknowledged weather prophet, takes another long look at the sky.

"I think she is a good day. I shove off," he announces.

When one man starts, the others follow. Tom kisses me good-bye, and Olaf Svenson in the next boat looks embarrassed and nudges his partner. These Scandinavians would rather lose a day's catch of fish than be seen in a public gesture of affection toward their wives.

Lines are cast off, motors throttled down, and one by one the huge gray sea-skiffs slip out of the dock basin. Tom's boat leaves a scimitar of foam in its wake as it rounds a bend in the channel and disappears behind the low sand dunes, and I have my last glimpse of him as he stands at the tiller, fastening his oilskins more securely. It will be wet going through the narrow inlet where the tide is running swiftly out of Barnegat Bay and meeting the big rollers of the Atlantic.

The last boat is lost in the early morning grayness, and inside me is the dull emptiness I feel every time Tom puts to sea. I walk back down the road to where the flivver is parked, beside the little lunch-room where two fish-truck drivers are going in for early morning coffee and fried potatoes. They glance at me curiously as I hurry along, and one asks the other a question. The answer comes to me clearly in the still morning air:

"Her? Oh, just one of the fishermen's wives."

When Tom and I married, two years ago, my excellent journalistic salary, Tom's business, and the interest from his inherited securities gave us an income of almost a thousand dollars a month. Now we have not that much in a year. The business failed after being nursed through a year of steady losses. My salary ceased because of sickness and an ill-timed venture into free lancing. The income from our securities has shrunk two-thirds, chiefly because the aunt who bequeathed most of them to Tom had such unquestioning faith in South American bonds.

After months of enforced idleness and fruitless search for a paying job, Tom had become sallow and thin, harassed by nervous indigestion and insomnia. To add to his worries, I discovered I was going to have a baby. The beginning of summer found us with few tangible assets, not counting the kind known as frozen, except a quantity of furniture (and no place to put it), an expensive automobile we could not afford to use, and a motor boat acquired in the last year of our prosperity and still unfinished.

Tom had spent his summers since childhood on Barnegat Bay, and his boat was the same type of huge ocean-going skiff the Barnegat fishermen use. That boat was more than a hobby to

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him—it was practically a mistress, the recipient of secret extravagances, the occasion for numerous trips, ostensibly to "see a man in Philadelphia," which invariably were made by the roundabout and wholly illogical way of Barnegat. We couldn't afford to keep the car, but I knew Tom would rather pawn his clothes than sell the boat. He decided to convert it from an expensive plaything into a commercial investment, and join the fishing fleet.

The fishing village clusters around Barnegat Light on the long sliver of island that lies six miles off the New Jersey shore between Barnegat Bay and the Atlantic. A mile or so down the road we found a scantily furnished cottage for $25 a month, where one cooked and ate and lived and entertained in the same room. I did things to its glaring whitewashed walls with blue and red chintz, while Tom worked from dawn to dark fitting the skiff with what his optimistic nature considered the minimum of necessary equipment.

When the boat was being built, we pored over plans for trim-lined cabins and gay awninged cockpits where one served tall cold drinks in nautically monogrammed sea-going china and crystal. We made long lists of bronze and chromium fittings, chronometers, shining binnacles—all the enticing gadgets the more expensive yachting magazines advertise. Before we could buy them the money was gone, and instead of a smart cabin cruiser, we owned an open twenty-six-footer with no equipment except the powerful motor. Tom added fishing gear, three soggy life preservers, a home-made anchor, and a second-hand compass always at least four points off. He hired a native Barnegater as fishing partner, paid thirty dollars for a ten-year-old Model T flivver to provide transportation between house and dock, and in a week was ready to go to sea.

A deep-sea fisherman's day begins at a quarter past three. There is no sign of dawn when we are wrenched awake by the strident alarm clock. Half asleep, I fumble for slippers and warm bathrobe. (The peach satin negligee that cost more than the flivver is packed away in New York.) I awake by degrees as I go through the routine of breakfast. Coffee on one burner of the smoky oil stove; water for the eggs on the other. The pounding of the surf sounds ominously loud to me. As I dash cold water on my face at the kitchen sink, I am thinking about the treacherous bar at the inlet. I squeeze the oranges, fetch cream and bread and marmalade from the little icebox, and dress in snatches—woollen slacks, jumper and sneakers, a comb through my hair. Thank God I had that permanent. There is no time to put on powder or lipstick. My face looks pinched and old to me, and I hope Tom is too sleepy to notice.

The stove will not burn, and the first waves of early morning nausea make me short-tempered. "Damn it, darling, will you *please* not take my stove matches away." Tom says he is sorry, and I am ashamed. He is never irritable before breakfast or any other time.

He eats while I pack his lunch in a tin biscuit can. The four sandwiches. Two apples. The slab of chocolate cake. A bottle of lemonade. While he goes out to crank the flivver, I manage a few swallows of orange juice, but my stomach revolts at coffee. I put on an extra sweater and ride with him to the dock to bring back the car.

If I am too ill, or do not want the car during the day, Tom goes alone. I stand at the window and watch the red rear light of the flivver until it is lost around a curve. A fish truck returning from a night trip to Philadelphia rumbles past and disappears, its clatter drowned by the boom of the surf. Then there is nothing but the dark empty road and the thundering Atlantic. "Please God, don't let the bar be too rough," I pray, as I prayed for things when I was a child. I put the butter and cream into the icebox and try to go back to sleep. The bed seems wide and empty. In the east are the first flaming streaks of dawn.

Slowly and laboriously I grew accustomed to the new routine. For two months I was wretched and ill most of each day, and given to morbid brooding over our poverty. In my heart I knew that Tom's smile and the way he writes "Anndear" as one word meant more to me than all the money in the world—but as I dragged miserably through the morning housework, every domestic task seemed laden with reminders of another life. Washing the blue and red breakfast dishes brought back memories of Prague and the day my Vienna-bound plane was halted there by fog. Ironing my best embroidered napkins and table runners, I saw the crooked sun-drenched street in Rome where I paid three times too much for them. And emptying the ash trays with the crossed-sabre trademark invoked a gay picture of the January day I bought them in Dresden—afternoon coffee and *belegtes Brötchen* at a table overlooking the ice cakes floating down the Elbe, the orchestra playing the latest seductive tango. All that was another existence, and that young woman was some one else, some one whose confident plans for the future had nothing to do with being a fisherman's wife on a barren island off the Jersey coast.

Lunch and a cup of hot tea usually induced a more cheerful mood. In the afternoons I walked far up the beach to lie in the sun on the hard white sand, alone except for a steamer crawling along the horizon, the gulls wheeling overhead, and the flocks of solemn little sandpipers, wholly absorbed in their own pursuits, running stiff-legged over the sand. I spent long drowsy hours there by the dunes, content to listen to the sound of the surf, captivated by the changing moods of the sea, until I grew to understand the lure it has for Tom, to comprehend how one can both love and hate it as one loves and hates a mistress who holds him in her spell.

One day is much like another. By four o'clock I begin to look for Tom. I go back to the cottage, prepare vegetables, try to read. By six o'clock I know he will be there any moment, and I put the potatoes and dessert into the oven. Forty minutes later I turn down the fire to retard the cooking, and sit at the window watching the automobiles coming around the bend in the road. By eight o'clock my imagination has encompassed every possible calamity that could beset him. I remember the two Norwegians, veteran fishermen for twenty years, who were lost when their skiff capsized on the bar last year. I think about the bad heart Tom has had ever since Belleau Wood. It begins to rain, and I go down to the beach to see if the surf is heavier.

By nine o'clock I am numb and choked from worrying, and when at last Tom strides in, ruddy and glowing from the rain and preceded by a strong odor of fish, I cry weakly down his neck and search futilely for my handkerchief. He offers me his own, one of

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his best monogrammed ones, which has evidently been used to clean out the fish bin.

"Never mind, honey, let 'em drip. You can't make me any wetter. I'm sorry I'm so late, Ann. We had a swell catch and I didn't want to leave."

I light the stove again and bring his dressing gown and slippers while he peels off his wet clothes and drops them out of the window to air.

"My God, I'm hungry. Is that brown betty I smell? Come back here; you get another kiss. Look, Andy, do I have to wash all over first?"

The fishy odor he exudes makes me deathly sick, but I compromise. "All right, just your hands and face then, and finish afterward." I hurry to put the food on the table. "You shouldn't go so long without eating. It must be ten hours."

"Thirteen."

"Thirteen what?"

"Thirteen hours since food." His voice is indistinct from baked potato and omelet. "I got hungry as a bear at nine o'clock this morning and polished off my lunch."

"Oh, Tom, all of it?"

"Well, no, but I gave the rest to Bill. He didn't have any breakfast."

Bill is another fisherman—a tall young Finlander, hair unbelievably yellow, shoulders unbelievably broad, and the coat of arms of Finland tattooed in violent blue on his powerful forearms. Tom brought him home to lunch one day. He speaks English slowly and carefully and pleasantly, but was ill at ease and inarticulate at first, and had to be urged to eat. He was puzzled by the cold jellied beef consomme, and embarrassed by the extra spoon and the napkin. Both Tom and I like him immensely.

Bill came often after his first shyness had gone. On rainy days he and Tom burrowed into our collection of yachting magazines and marine catalogs, and spent hours discussing trawling and squidding, self-baling hulls, clinker construction, and other subjects unintelligible to me. Bill could not understand any one's being afraid of the sea, as I was, and despite warning glances and surreptitious kicks from Tom he innocently divulged in his conversation all the nautical mishaps my well-meaning husband tried to conceal from me: Tom's rudder unshipped by a heavy following sea on the bar, the dead engine twenty miles at sea and the four-hour wait until a coast guard cutter saw his distress signal (his pale blue B. V. D.'s flying aloft), the number of times he went out without compass or life preservers. Tom will never learn to take life preservers seriously.

Tom was anxious for me to go on a fishing trip to convince me it was merely a prosaic day's work. After waiting weeks, a day finally came when the weather reports and my internal state were simultaneously favorable. We were off in the flivver together, through the daybreak scenes that had grown so familiar—the stunted cedars and silver-green bayberry bushes ghostly and shadowy on the white dunes, Barnegat Bay flat and calm to the west of the island, the pounding surf and rosy sky to the east, the red and white buildings of the coast guard station with the charming name of Loveladies.

We shoved off as soon as we reached the dock, rounded the end of the island under the long beams Barnegat Light threw far out to sea, and approached the bar. There was just enough daylight to see the buoys. Tom was at the tiller, and Jim, his fishing partner, stood at the motor controls to adjust the speed at Tom's orders to meet the incoming seas. The big skiff breasted them beautifully, and ten minutes later we were riding the long even swells of the Atlantic. The throttle was opened wider, and a compass course set for the "Ridge"—the shallow banks twenty miles off shore where the schools of bluefish run. It takes more than an hour to reach there, and the fish bite best at daybreak.

We passed the light ship nine miles out at sea. Turning to say something to Tom, I discovered the shore line had disappeared behind the horizon. We were out of sight of land, and the skiff seemed very small in the wide expanse of water. I was glad of the half dozen other fishing boats near by.

"Are you all right, Ann?" Tom was shouting above the roar of the unmuffled engine.

"Fine," I lied, sucking surreptitiously at the lemon I had put in my sweater pocket. Tom smoked at the tiller, and Jim, lazily chewing tobacco, began cutting up moss-bunkers, the oily fish used as bait. They were moss-bunkers that had been dead a long time, and I moved to windward of them.

We sighted the high masts of the big sailing smacks that come down here from New York, and altered course toward them. After cruising around to see which of the other skiffs were "pulling," we selected a spot not far from Axel, who has an uncanny instinct for finding fish if fish are to be found. The engine was stopped, the anchor lowered, and Jim began "grinding," putting the moss-bunker bait through what looked like an over-sized kitchen meat chopper attached to the starboard gunwale of the skiff. The nauseous mess that emerged was thrown overboard a handful at a time. The oil in it smoothed the water and made a slick on the surface. Then larger pieces of the bait were put on the two lines let over the stern into the slick. Tom attended to the lines and Jim to the grinder. We waited five minutes, ten. I was eager and impatient, and anxious to help. Another five minutes. There was a flash of brilliant blue just under the surface, then another and another. The water became radiant with streaks of bright color. We had found a big school of bluefish. They were attracted by the slick, and darted greedily at the largest particles of bait in the water—the ones with the hooks inside.

The fish bit as fast as they could be pulled in and unhooked. Tom put on a pair of old leather gloves to protect his fingers from the wet lines and also from possible bites from vindictive victims. All about us, other boats were pulling in fully as many. The fish were biting so fast Tom could not attend to both lines, and I helped him bait the hooks, in my excitement and enthusiasm forgetting my distaste for the moss-bunkers. Even the stoical Scandinavians grow excited over a catch like this.

"Look at the size of this baby, Ann." I admired it and Tom tossed the big blue into the bin.

A six-pounder lunged off Jim's hook, and the lanky Barnegater spat a resentful stream of tobacco juice after it. "God damn, there goes fifty cents."

The fish bit steadily until the bin was more than half full. Then the flashes of blue in the water grew scarcer, and it was several minutes between bites. The three of us amused ourselves throwing bits of bait to the flocks of Mother Carey's chickens twittering over the wa-

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ter. Watching the little birds catch the tid-bits in mid-air, I realized I was very hungry, although it was still long before noon. We opened the lunch tin and ate sandwiches ravenously out of unspeakably dirty hands.

The mid-day sun was warm, and after the last sandwich had disappeared I took off my heavy hip boots and yellow oilskins and stretched out forward for a nap. When I awoke, a half dozen more fish had been caught, but none of the skiffs had repeated the luck of early morning. Toward five o'clock, one boat started for shore, and the others raised anchor and followed.

A stiff westerly breeze had come up. We began to ship water, and I put on my oilskins and boots again. The waves grew higher as we neared the bar. I was very tired by this time, and worried about going through the inlet. Tom showed no apprehension, but his remark that "it's always worse coming back than going out" did nothing to allay my fears. I started to go forward —because the life jackets were stowed in the bow.

"Stay back here," Tom called sharply from the tiller. He knew the bow must be light to help the skiff ride the seas and keep her from burying her nose as she slid down into the trough of the waves. I clutched the gunwale in unconcealed terror as sea after sea rose into high curling crests and crashed into churning foam around us. This was the place where the two Norwegians were drowned. In that pounding surf even a good swimmer would have little chance.

Then suddenly we were through, and rounding the lighthouse into the bay. Throttles were wide open as each boat tried to reach the dock first. There was the noise of the ice crushers as we nosed in and tied up. Heavy baskets of fish were swung lightly from boat to dock —not only bluefish, but flounder and weakfish and seabass, and squirming gray lobsters making futile slaps at their captors with their claws. The news of the big catch had been brought in by the first arrivals, and already trucks were backed up to the dock-shed to load the fish and start the night drive to Philadelphia and New York.

The smell of fish and gasoline sickened me, and I walked down the road while Tom made fast the skiff. Around me the lobster pots and buoys were stacked everywhere, nets were stretched to dry, and boats lay pulled out to have their bottoms copper painted. I sat on an overturned lobster pot and listened to the sounds from the waterfront—broken clam shells crunching under foot as the fishermen hurried away to hot food and coffee, the chopping of ice, the thump of heavy boxes, the snorting trucks. The sound of the surf on the other side of the island was faint and dull. It was good to be on land again.

We brought in 1100 pounds of fish in that catch, more than a half ton after they were gutted, but the wholesale price was only four cents a pound. After paying for ice and boxes, shipping and commission, gasoline and oil and bait, and sharing the proceeds with his partner, there was less than ten dollars left for Tom for the day's work. And that was a good catch, one of the best of the season.

Often Tom did not make expenses. There were days when the bluefish could not be found, other days when they refused to bite for some reason known only to themselves. Or the sea was too choppy for fishing, and the end of a sixteen-hour working day would find Tom coming home exhausted and white and seasick, with nothing to show for seven dollars' worth of bait and gasoline except three small bluefish and a worthless young shark.

"And I used to do this for fun," he marvelled.

There were long stretches of squally weather, when no boats ventured outside the bay, and the fishermen overhauled their engines and mended their gear, talking of the old days, two or three years ago, when bluefish sold in Fulton Market for fifty cents a pound, and five-hundred-dollar catches were not unusual.

For three weeks Tom did not have a catch big enough to pay expenses, and there was one week-end when we had nothing to eat but boiled rice and apples. As a last resort he offered himself and the skiff for hire, to take week-enders deep-sea fishing. A party of Philadelphians engaged him every Sunday for six weeks, and were satisfied if they caught one bluefish apiece to uphold their piscatorial reputations. They paid Tom twenty dollars a trip, and once they brought him a gift of old clothes—a half dozen coats and trousers of the type known ten years ago as "cake-eater." I was first amused, thinking of the excellently tailored suits hanging unused in Tom's wardrobe, then indignant.

"How could they? Can't they see you're different?"

"The only way I'm different is that I'm not half so good a fisherman as the Squareheads. I don't look any different, you know."

He was right. In disreputable dungarees or oilskins, face and hands smeared with grease and perspiration, all men look pretty much alike. Tom's hands were never wholly clean any more, and his nails defied the stoutest mechanic's soap. He grew careless about shaving, and had his hair cut only when the tendrils began to curl about his ears.

These things no longer seemed important to me. I was content that he was growing strong and brown again, that the whites of his eyes were white instead of yellow, that the box of bicarbonate of soda stood neglected on the kitchen shelf, and that he slept the sleep of healthy fatigue and grinned at me when I shook him awake.

My own attacks of illness began to abate, and keeping house grew less laborious. The same grim satisfaction I once felt over scooping a rival foreign correspondent was now aroused by achieving a perfectly cooked meal, or ironing Tom's shirts without leaving a wrinkle in the collar. Doing my own washing and hanging clothes out on a line seemed a balder admission of poverty than any we had yet made, and at first I hung the wet things over an inadequate five-foot length of twine above the stove, where they remained damp for three days. After a month of this I said "What the Hell?" and put everything out to flap in the sun and wind and dry in two hours. After the first time, I didn't mind.

When the Sunday fishing party came no more with its weekly twenty dollars, I learned to practise economies I would have considered flatly impossible two years ago. I understand that the United States Army ration allows twelve cents a meal for food, but the best I could do was thirteen. Searching for sales on rice, butter, flour and sugar, I dreamed of a shopping list that would again include mushrooms, Camembert cheese, sweetbreads—luxuries that are outlawed

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when every nickel is counted for staples.

By September I was reduced to my last pair of stockings, even though I had gone bare-legged all summer. Three-dollar face powder and thirty-dollar French perfume were merely memories, and my toilet articles came from the five-and-ten.

We learned to take pleasure in simple things—our nightly extravagance of ice-cream cones (the small five-cent ones) from the general store, an occasional movie, Tom being at home for a leisurely Sunday morning breakfast of waffles and both of us trying to get *The Times* book review first, the yellow-haired Bill bringing us a basket of succulent baby lobsters. They were "bootleg" lobsters, below the minimum legal size, but we asked no questions.

It was a gala day when Tom came home with a bunch of golden calendulas bought at a wayside stand on the mainland, for few flowers grow on this sandy island. Their tawny brightness recalled the Talisman roses that played a persuasive rôle in his courtship.

"They only cost ten cents a dozen," he admitted. "I remembered you liked yellow."

The ten cents was the amount he allowed himself daily for the cheap cigarettes he had substituted for his favorite brand.

The months passed. The scrub cedars that cling precariously to the white dunes turned a duller green, the bayberry bushes grew brown, the summer bathers were gone, and the long white beach was left to the gulls and sandpipers. The wild ducks and geese began to fly south, and the sound of firing was heard all day from the shooting blinds in the marshes across the bay. Heavy autumn fogs hung over the island, and at night the hoarse uneasy rumble of the fog horns of passing steamers punctuated the boom of the surf.

One day there was an ominous sky, a long ground swell, and an uncertain wind that veered and shifted. The barometer fell steadily, and the surf pounded more heavily. In the afternoon Tom brought his boat from the fishing dock and anchored it in a cove of the bay near the cottage to have it within sight.

That night the first northeaster came howling out of the Atlantic. The cottage shook and quivered in the sharp gusts, and the rain dashed against the panes like handfuls of gravel. The electric current was off, and Tom stumbled about barefoot in the dark, closing windows, swearing fluently when he stepped on the sharp heels of my overturned bedroom slippers. In ten minutes he was asleep again, but I lay awake listening to the wind, and plagued by the vague worries and forebodings a pregnant woman has in the night. I knew this was the beginning of winter, and we had to plan what to do when we left the island—to face again the disheartening search for a job.

Tom heard me stirring and turning, and asked if I was all right. "I can't sleep either," he lied. "Let's play rummy."

He lighted a candle, wrapped my bathrobe around my shoulders, and dragged out a hatbox to put between us in bed for a card table. It was pleasant and intimate in the little circle of candle-light, with the cards clicking down on the gay pink and black stripes of the pasteboard hatbox. The box bore the name of a great establishment in the rue St. Honore, and the 900 francs I paid for the scrap of black felt it originally contained did not seem excessive then. I lunched in the Bois that day—but Paris is far away and long ago, and Tom beside me concealing his own weariness to help me through a wakeful night is very real.

The gale raged through the night and the next day, shaking the little cottage until I feared it would be torn from its foundations. By mid-afternoon the sea was breaking over the bulkheads and through the dunes, and sweeping broken timbers as far as the postoffice. The high wind sent icy blasts through loose window sashes and under the doors, and I shivered in three sweaters as I stoked the little stove with driftwood.

The second morning of the northeaster the tide was over the island and the cottage was surrounded by water. In hip-boots and oilskins we waded through it to the beach, shutting our eyes and lowering our heads against the sand that whirled off the tops of the dunes and cut into the skin like powdered glass. On the other side of the dunes, everything was gray and white—pale gray sky, lines of white breakers foaming to the horizon on the mountainous waves of a dark gray sea, white suds of spume and spindrift whirling over the sand. The rain lashed at our faces and the wind tore at our breath. Walking against it was like pushing a solid weight, and I made little more progress than the gulls that hovered almost motionless overhead as they tried to fly out to sea. The beach was deserted except for Tom and me and an occasional plucky little sandpiper.

The northeaster blew itself out, calmer weather followed, and other storms came and went. The bluefish season ended, and the fishermen changed to cod-fishing gear, although by this time there were only a few days each month when it was safe for the fleet to venture far outside.

Shut in together for days at a time by long stretches of stormy weather, I found it tragically easy to slump, physically and mentally, especially in the inertia natural to my condition. I had to force myself to put on a bright dress, to polish my nails and wave my hair, to cook Tom's favorite dishes, to manufacture foolish little surprises to stimulate and vivify the continual contact of marriage. Preserving an illusion of loveliness and romance is difficult when there is utter lack of privacy, when the only plumbing is at the kitchen sink, and icy draughts from outside make Spartan fortitude necessary for even the minimum of bathing. The "jolly little coarsenesses of life" are not always jolly.

Nevertheless, we were happy. It was a satisfaction to Tom to know he was providing a living for us, even by manual labor, and some answering primitive instinct made me content to cook and tend the hearth and breed. We stayed on the island until two months before the child was born, and when we left, we went reluctantly. Besides health, this simple elemental life, in all its barrenness and frugality, had given us a deeper feeling of fulfillment in marriage, the common bond of each having worked hard for the other. Something much finer was welded between us than we found in the first prosperous days of our marriage, when our lives followed two distinct paths and we couldn't afford a baby.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

The steadily increasing interest in the personalities and writings of the three Brontë sisters ought to attract sharp attention to the new, magnificent, limited edition of their works, called "The Shakespeare Head Brontë." It is newly printed at the Shakespeare Head Press in Oxford and published there by Basil Blackwell and in Boston by Houghton Mifflin and Company. These are tall volumes, printed on very thick rough paper and illustrated from drawings. For the novels, the issue is strictly limited to five hundred copies for Great Britain and an equal number for America. The last four volumes of the set are called "The Brontës: Their Lives, Friendships and Correspondence." These are edited by the famous bibliographer Thomas James Wise and by John Alexander Symington. Seven hundred and fifty copies of these have been printed in England. The four volumes cover respectively the years 1777–1843, 1844–1849, 1849–1852, 1852–1928. Each volume is dedicated to Sir James and Lady Roberts of Fairlight Hall and of Strathallan Castle, Scotland, "by whose generosity the Brontë Parsonage at Haworth has been established as one of our national literary shrines."

There are no more beautiful books than these. It is a delight to read them. Furthermore, we know that we have a complete and accurate text. That strange work of genius, "Wuthering Heights," is now printed exactly as Emily wrote it and not as fingered by Charlotte. The latter had tremendous courage for those days but not enough for ours. In "Jane Eyre," the Preface to the Second Edition and the Note to the Third are given, both signed Currer Bell. A note to another volume gives the famous tribute that Charlotte paid to the one towering genius of the family, and her explanation of how Emily's poems came to appear in print.

Charlotte of course was in awe of Thackeray; she thought him a terrible and devastating satirist worthy to be classed with Swift; today, however much we may enjoy reading Thackeray, he seems rather a gentle sentimentalist.

I recommend that all those who can possibly afford to do so, secure one of these sets while they are still available. I know of no better library edition of any author, nor one that is more pleasant to read.

Synchronously with the appearance of this new and splendid publication comes a single volume, "Legends of Angria," compiled from the early writings of Charlotte Brontë, by Fannie E. Ratchford, with the collaboration of Professor William Clyde DeVane. This is a discovery. Here are three short novels written by Charlotte between the ages of fourteen and twenty-four, in which she lived in a world of her imagination. These manuscripts are here printed for the first time; if they were merely the youthful scribblings of a romantic girl, they would possess only an evanescent interest; but as the editors point out, they are of the first importance as forerunners of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette." The Introduction of twenty-five pages, called "The History of Angria," describes how ardently and exclusively the sisters lived in that romantic world created by their imagination—a world much more real to them than the Yorkshire moors. There is one passage (page xlv) that is so important that I await with intense curiosity a subsequent volume that should make the allusion more clear.

> To inherent obscurity has been added the misconception spread abroad by biographers who have persisted in interpreting autobiographically poems reflecting experiences and feelings of purely imaginary characters in a purely imaginary world. The tradition of a mysterious lover who died in Emily's early youth is based on the magnificent poem of intense and lofty passion which begins, Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee, which Emily's own manuscript tells us is the lament of Rosina for her murdered husband.

Well, since the author says as much as that, we certainly should soon be told more. This is one of the great love-poems of English literature; and while it is true that many have regarded it as Emily's own history, only so recently as 1932 Mr. G. F. Bradby, in his book, "The Brontës," said it was his belief that the poem referred to no actual lover, but was a work of pure imagination. Evidently, however, he could not prove this; Fannie Ratchford says she can. This one sentence is by far the most important statement in her entire Introduction, because Emily was a more important person than Charlotte and her poem a work of genius. Inasmuch as it is by no means easy to find a copy of this poem, I am going to print it here, because I believe many of my readers will be glad to have it; and to some of them its tremendous passion will come as a surprise. It was published for the first time in 1846, in a volume containing poems by the three sisters, called "Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell." They had to pay the publisher one hundred and fifty dollars to print it, and only two copies were sold. Two years ago, K. A. R. Sugden, in a little book called "A Short History of the Brontës," marked in general by extreme economy of praise, said this "is generally admitted to be one of the greatest poems in our language, melancholy, sonorous, passionate, masterly in rhythm and diction, a splendid love-poem which sets Emily Brontë among the immortals."

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave,
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, evermore.

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into spring;
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering.

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along,
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened and fed, without the aid of joy.

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Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine,
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even yet I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain,
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

"Fifteen Wild Decembers" is the name of the new play that Katharine Cornell will produce, in which she impersonates a Brontë.

How Emily came to write such a poem is as mysterious as genius; but that she was able to write this particular stanza seems to me to indicate an intellectual maturity, which, in a young girl, is even more astounding.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened and fed, without the aid of joy.

Many men and women have been crushed by despair; but some brave souls have learned not only to endure but to *advance,* even after their last hope of happiness has vanished, even after they "have nothing to look forward to." I suppose we all know certain men and women, who, after appalling calamities, are neither crushed nor defiant; but somehow manage to go ahead and do their daily work minus every trace of happiness. The faces of children are expectant; they look as if they were about to receive something delightful; but there are men and women who positively *know* that tomorrow will not be one bit better than today; and yet they go forward. They should receive our homage.

The dinner at the Hotel Plaza in New York, on May 4, of the Friends of the Princeton Library, was one of the most notable gatherings of literary folk ever seen in America. Five hundred and fifty people were present; at the head table sat Burton Hendrick, Michael Pupin, Emory Holloway, T. S. Stribling, Margaret Ayer Barnes, Hamlin Garland, Leonora Speyer, Ernest Poole, J. Harlin O'Connell, Owen Davis, Marquis James, Frank D. Fackenthal, Elmer Rice, Robert Frost, Pearl S. Buck, James Truslow Adams, Nicholas Murray Butler, General Pershing, Philip Ashton Rollins, Edward D. Duffield, Willa Cather, Governor Wilbur Cross, Henry James, Charles Edward Russell, Morrie Ryskind, Oliver La Farge II, Bernadotte E. Schmitt, Hatcher Hughes, Herbert Putnam, Charles Warren, William Cabell Bruce, Henry F. Pringle, Maud Howe Elliot, Charles Howard McIlwain, Allan Nevins, Ira Gershwin. Mr. Rollins, as Chairman of the Friends of the Princeton Library, proposed a silent toast to John Galsworthy, and then introduced President Duffield, J. Harlan O'Connell, and finally me, the new Toastmaster. At that moment we went on the air, and I felt like a traffic policeman at a King's garden-party; never have I had to hustle along so many distinguished people, in order that they might all be heard over the radio within one hour. Mr. Henry James spoke on biography, Willa Cather on the novel, Mr. Adams on history, Elmer Rice on the theatre, Robert Frost on poetry, Mr. Putnam on libraries, and General Pershing, who had come all the way from Arizona to attend the dinner, gave a delightful talk and said it was a pleasure to meet so many distinguished persons whose books he had not read. He also remarked that when he was an instructor in mathematics at the University of Nebraska, one of his pupils was Willa Cather, and she gave absolutely no promise of distinction. When, years later, he heard her name, he said, "That can't be the same Willa Cather; that girl I taught didn't seem to know anything." Then Mr. Fackenthal, Secretary of Columbia University, announced the new winners of the Pulitzer Prizes in letters. T. S. Stribling in fiction for his novel "The Store," Allan Nevins in biography for "Grover Cleveland," Archibald MacLeish in poetry for "Conquistador," Maxwell Anderson in drama for "Both Your Houses," the late Frederick J. Turner in history for "The Significance of Sections in American History."

Mr. Stribling and Mr. Nevins made speeches, and the exercises closed with a charming address from President Butler.

I hope that Joseph Pulitzer, wherever he is, is aware of the splendid fruits of his generosity and far-sightedness in establishing these prizes. Every year the Pulitzer Prize in any line of effort carries more and more distinction and arouses more and more excitement. The list of past recipients seems to indicate that the judges have on the whole done well.

The success of the dinner is owing mainly to the skilful planning and arduous work of Whitney Darrow of the House of Scribner who looked upon the travail of his soul and was satisfied.

Finally here is one quotation from each of the five regular speakers:

From Henry James: "If you ask the patients in a nerve clinic what they would like to do, half of them would reply, 'To write.' "

From Willa Cather: "The great group of Russian novelists who flashed out in the north like a new constellation at about the middle of the last century, did more for the future than they knew. They had no benumbing literary traditions behind them. . . . They were all very big men, physically (of rugged health, with the exception of Dostoevsky), and had no need to be continually defending their virility in print."

From James Truslow Adams: "There is great danger that in calling history science we may lose that gleam of vital truth which is inherent in every great and sincere *art* without achieving more than that amassing of cluttered if accurate detail which is only the brick and mortar of any genuine *science.*"

From Elmer Rice: "I am hopeful that the deflation of the theatre will result in the expropriation of the profiteers and that its control will go back into the hands of those to whom it belongs, that is to say, the authors, the actors, the directors and the designers. These are the people who are in the theatre because they love it and because they have something to express and it is only through their control that the theatre can function as an art."

Robert Frost read an unpublished poem.

As I am in receipt of frequent requests for a good dictionary, not too large in size, let me suggest the following condensations from bigger works.

"The Shorter Oxford Dictionary." Two Volumes. This is an abbreviation of the colossal "Oxford English Dictionary," and has some words not in its parent, owing to new discoveries.

"The Practical Standard Dictionary," which is the largest abridgment of the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary. This is also comprehensive and up to date.

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"Webster's Collegiate Dictionary," a convenient abridgment of the "international."

There are a great many small dictionaries of pocket size; and do not forget "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler, which is the most *entertaining*.

If one is really interested in the question of exact pronunciation, it is a good thing to have on the table both an English dictionary like the Oxford or the one by Wyld, and alongside an American dictionary, so that one may compare them. See for example the irritating word "decadent."

When Bernard Shaw made his famous speech in New York, I asked many people to observe how he pronounced the insults, as his pronunciation was more interesting to me than his ideas. Many of us were mildly surprised to hear "privacy" with the first syllable like "privet"; though I suppose we all say "privily." The other unusual sound was "financier" a four-syllabled word with the accent on the second syllable. Those who were surprised to hear "were" rhyming with "there" do not know the British custom. The "u" in "particular" I always pronounce; but both King George and Mr. Shaw pronounce it like "a" in "about."

Ring W. Lardner's "Lose With a Smile" is up to its author's high reputation. It is a novel told in the form of letters between a member of the Brooklyn National League Baseball Club and his girl out West. It is full of humor, human nature, and genuine pathos without a touch of sentimentality. It is pleasant to think in these days that there is a girl like this, ignorant of all culture, but absolutely true-hearted, and naturally modest. This is creative work of a high order, and one will not forget these two characters. And the ending?

One of the most important books dealing with the great Tolstoi is "The Tragedy of Tolstoy," by his daughter the Countess Alexandra. We are taken into the household and have an intimate acquaintance with every one in it. Although her sympathies are entirely with her father, I must say that "there is a lot to be said on the other side."

President Emeritus Charles F. Thwing reveals the charm of his own character in "Friends of Men," where many distinguished persons of our time receive appreciative criticism.

The second volume of "The March of Democracy," by James Truslow Adams, is just as fine as the first. Together they constitute a thoroughly readable history of the United States, with the philosophy and appraisals of their erudite author. The illustrations add greatly to their value.

To all Elizabethan scholars and lovers of Shakespeare, the name of George A. Plimpton has been well known for many years. I rejoice that he has now published "The Education of Shakespeare," copiously illustrated. Let no one be deceived by the modest preface. This is an important and valuable work.

I greet with joy another book on Bulldog Drummond by the author of his being, H. C. McNeile. This is called "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" and is just as good as I thought it would be. Two more admirable thrillers are "The Snarl of the Beast" by Carroll J. Daly, containing adventures by the redoubtable Race Williams—what a friend and what an enemy! and "Murder at Endor" by William A. Woolf, which combines murder with love.

Having found it difficult to obtain any information about the death in 1932 of Paul Cohen-Portheim, whose brilliant books "England the Unknown Isle" and "The Discovery of Europe" attracted so much attention, I am grateful to Elsie M. Hatch, Librarian of the Public Library in Melrose, Mass., for the following information, taken from the "Wilson Bulletin for Librarians," February, 1933. The opening sentence refers to the second of the two books mentioned above.

"*It* was hardly published," writes a friend in *The Observer* (London), "before he set out for Spain to revive pleasant memories of previous visits and to review the present conditions. But he was ill, before he started, and fell desperately ill, with fever and complications, in Portugal. For some days he lay in a Portuguese hospital unable to move and surrounded by people who, as he wrote later, either couldn't or wouldn't understand a word he said. He was moved to Paris, a journey of two days and two nights, with a peasant to lift him in and out of trains at the five changes. It soon became clear to his doctors that there was no hope of his recovery, and death came to him mercifully."

The Reverend John Hedley, D.D., pastor of the Union Church in Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii, had an interesting correspondence with John Galsworthy, and at the suggestion of Bishop James G. Baker of San Francisco, he sends the letters to me. The Bishop rightly said the letters "would throw a light on the integrity and soundness of Galsworthy's mind." Doctor Hedley had sent the correspondence to the editor of *The Yorkshire Evening News* in England.

May 27, 1924.

Mr. John Galsworthy
Care Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

My dear sir:

It may perhaps be thought presumption which leads me to address this letter to you, but, being, like yourself, an Englishman, born in hardy Northumberland, I have a feeling that I may do this, and that your innate sense of British fairplay will overlook the intrusion.

Sixteen years of my life have been spent in China; you will observe that I am still interested in things Chinese.

I am reading with great interest the monthly instalments of "The White Monkey" as they appear in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and I am wondering if you realise that you are guilty (unintentionally guilty, I am sure) of what in Chinese eyes will be considered a serious affront (if not indeed blasphemy) to the memory of China's greatest son. What I am amazed at is that you should name that insufferable little pug, though he be a Chinese pug, after the immortal Confucius.

I think I know the Chinese people fairly well and I am sure that they will resent the use of that name for a dog. Don't think me extravagant if I say that I would as soon think of naming a dog after the Man of Nazareth as after the Sage of China. Maybe I am lacking in a sense of humor, as our American friends think all Englishmen are, but my mother was pure Scotch, so I can see a joke now and again. But, honestly, Mr. Galsworthy, it is not a joke to call that pug "Confucius." Change that name before your story is published in book-form.

And don't get mad at this letter or its writer, for you are a good fellow after all, and an English gentleman to boot, who would never needlessly and gratuitously insult a great and a proud people.

With cordial regards,

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HEDLEY.

June 11, 1924.

Grove Lodge,
The Grove, Hampstead,
London, N. W. 3.

My dear Sir:

It was good of you to write to me. I am extremely sorry about this matter. I have directed that "Confucius" shall be changed to "the Chinese dog" in the rest of the serial; and the name altered altogether in the volume. You see, I chose it as a typical piece of youthful irreverence, "The White Monkey" being a picture of modern youth in all its irreverence; and it never occurred to me that the book would reach China, where a subtlety of this sort would not be grasped. I am truly grieved, and would I could retrieve the copies which have gone so far.

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The last thing I would wish to do is to hurt the feelings of the Chinese for whom I have a great admiration.

With cordial regards

I am very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Judge William N. Appel, of the Orphans Court, Second Judicial District, Lancaster, Pa., sends me the following interesting letter:

More than fifty years ago a dear old man was Professor of Belles Lettres and English Literature at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster. Among some old papers there appeared the enclosed verses in his handwriting. As you will note they are in English and Latin. I thought you might enjoy their literary humor. The line, "I'd just as lief be buried, tombed and grassed in," strikes me as delicious.

The author was Professor William Marvel Nevin of the Nevin family, distinguished as clergymen in the Reformed Church in the United States. It was an inspiration to hear him read from the Canterbury Tales and from the Faerie Queene.

I devise to end my days in a tavern drinking,
May some christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking;
That the cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking:
God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly enlighteneth one's internals;
'Tis wings bedewed with nectar that fly up to supernals;
Bottles cracked in taverns have much the sweeter kernels
Than the cups allowed to us—in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath a mould that he was cast in;
I happen to be one of those who never could write fasting;
By a single little boy I should be surpassed in Writing so; I'd just as lief be buried, tombed and grassed in.

Every one by nature hath a gift too, a dotation;
I, when I make verses, do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine that comes into the nation;
It maketh sermons to abound for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good, floweth forth my lay so;
But I must moreover eat, or I could not say so.

1. Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morentis* ori,
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori:
Deus sit propitius huic potatori!

2. Poculis accenditur animi lucerna;
Cor imbutum nectari volat ad superna;
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna
Quam quod aqua miscuit praesulis pincerna.

3. Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego numquam potui scribere jejunus;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus;
Sitim et jejunium odi tamquam funus.

4. Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo.
Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo;
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunus scribo,
Nasonem post calices facile praeibo.

5. Mihi numquam spiritus prophetiae datur,
Nisi cum fuerit venter bene satur;
Cum in arce celebri Bacchus dominatur,
In me Phoebus irruit ac miranda fatur.

* Morientis required by both the metre and the sense.

Vincent B. Brecht, Head of the English Department in the Northeast High School of Philadelphia, sends me the following passage from the "First Geography for Children" by "Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' ":

A college is a school for grown-up young men. Here is a picture (half page cut) of the largest college in our country, which is at New Haven, in Connecticut. It is called Yale College. There are over five hundred young men who come from all parts of the country to be educated here. They study and lodge in those buildings which you see in the picture. Back of these are some much handsomer buildings, containing libraries and a great many articles of *apparatus,* which are used in instructing the pupils. There are twenty gentlemen called *professors,* who are the instructors of these young men. A great many thousand dollars have been given by benevolent men and women to support these professors and provide these buildings and apparatus.

The people of Connecticut have always been celebrated for strict obedience to the laws of the Bible; and for this reason it has been called the *land of steady habits.* It has also had a great reputation for its common schools, and its college at New Haven. You may remember Connecticut, then as the *land of steady habits,* which has the largest college in the country.

Professor A. E. Richards of the University of New Hampshire, writes me this good story, taken from his father's autobiography, of Mark Twain:

"The late Professor Lounsbury of Yale wrote an account for *The New England Magazine* of the life and times of Giraldus Cambrensis. My beloved pastor and friend, Doctor Twichell, seeing the article and knowing that I was interested in Giraldus, loaned me a copy of the magazine, primarily, perhaps, to see the foot-note contributed by Mark Twain.

"Professor Lounsbury in concluding his article wrote:

" 'Let us hope Giraldus found that rest in the grave which was denied him upon earth; and that in that life beyond that peace was furnished him in abundance which it was rarely his fortune to have in what we know of his life here.'

"Mark Twain's foot-note read as follows:

" 'Professor Lounsbury to bespeak a peaceful heaven for Giraldus is about as generous and considerate as it would be to bespeak an iceberg heaven for a Salamander.

" 'My hope is that he went to hell—and in an aggravating official capacity. This would secure his eternal happiness, and at the same time curtail the devil's.' "

The FAERY QUEENE CLUB is enlarged by Mrs. Joyce Tomlinson of Montello, Mass., who learned to read and love the poem in Hinckley, a small town in the Midlands in England, when she was a child.

The FANO CLUB adds to its list of members Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Craven, of Philadelphia. At the annual dinner on May 7 there was unveiled a full-size oil painting, a copy of the original "Guardian Angel," which was made for the Club by an Italian painter at Fano last autumn.

I have sometimes thought that Homer must have foreseen the radio—else why his constant use of the expression "winged words"?

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE, WITH THEIR PUBLISHERS

"The Shakespeare Head Brontë," limited ed. Houghton Mifflin. 11 vols. $8 each.

"The Brontës: Their Lives, Friendships and Correspondence." Houghton Mifflin. 4 vols. $8 each.

"Legends of Angria," ed. Fannie Ratchford and W. C. DeVane. Yale. $3.50.

"The Brontës," by G. F. Bradby. Oxford. $1.75.

"A Short History of the Brontës," by K. A. R. Sugden. Oxford. $1.75.

"The Store," by T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

"Grover Cleveland," by Allan Nevins. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

"Conquistador," by Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

"Both Your Houses," by Maxwell Anderson. Samuel French. $2.

"The Significance of Sections in American History," by F. J. Turner. Henry Holt. $3.50.

"The Shorter Oxford Dictionary," Two Vols. Oxford. $18.

"The Practical Standard Dictionary." Funk and Wagnalls. $5, $6, and $7.50.

"Webster's Collegiate Dictionary." G. & C. Merriam Co. Prices range from $3.50 to $7.50.

"A Dictionary of Modern English Usage." H. W. Fowler. Oxford. $3.25.

"Lose With a Smile," by Ring W. Lardner. Scribners. $2.

"The Tragedy of Tolstoy," by A. Tolstoy. Yale. $3.

"Friends of Men," by Charles F. Thwing. Macmillan. $3.

"The March of Democracy," by J. T. Adams. Scribners. 2 vols. $3.50 each.

"The Education of Shakespeare," by George A. Plimpton. Oxford. $2.

"Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," by H. C. McNeile. Doubleday Doran. $2.

"The Snarl of the Beast," by Carroll J. Daly. Clode. $2.

"Murder at Endor," by W. A. Woolf. Minton Balch. $2.

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Continued from page 12

hours in driving myself savagely through a hundred streets, looking into the faces of a million people, trying to get an instant and conclusive picture of all they did and said and were, of all their million destinies. And I would search the furious streets until bone and brain and blood could stand no more—until every sinew of my life and spirit was wrung, trembling, and exhausted, and my heart sank down beneath its weight of despair and desolation.

Yet a furious hope, a wild extravagant belief, was burning in me all the time. I would write down enormous charts and plans and projects of all that I proposed to do in life—a program of work and living which would have exhausted the energies of ten thousand men. I would get up in the middle of the night to scrawl down insane catalogs of all that I had seen and done: the number of books I had read, the number of miles I had travelled, the number of people I had known, the number of women I had slept with, the number of meals I had eaten, the number of towns I had visited, the number of states I had been in.

And at one moment I would gloat and chuckle over these stupendous lists like a miser gloating over his hoard, only to groan bitterly with despair the next moment, and to beat my head against the wall, as I remembered the overwhelming amount of all I had not seen or done, or known. Then I would begin another list filled with enormous catalogs of all the books I had not read, all the food I had not eaten, all the women that I had not slept with, all the states I had not been in, all the towns I had not visited. Then I would write down plans and programs whereby all these things must be accomplished, how many years it would take to do it all, and how old I would be when I had finished. An enormous wave of hope and joy would surge up in me, because it now looked easy, and I had no doubt at all that I could do it.

I never asked myself how I was going to live while this was going on, where I was going to get the money for this gigantic adventure, and what I was going to do to make it possible. Although I had a good mind in some respects, I was no better than a child when it came to things like this; the fact that to explore and devour the world, as I was going to do, would require the fortune of a millionaire had no meaning to me at all. If I thought about it, it seemed to have no importance or reality whatever—I just dismissed it impatiently, or with a conviction that some old man would die and leave me a fortune; that I was going to pick up a purse containing hundreds of thousands of dollars while walking in the Fenway, and that the reward would be enough to keep me going; or that a beautiful and rich young widow, true-hearted, tender, loving and voluptuous, who had carrot-colored hair, little freckles on her face, a snub nose and luminous gray-green eyes with something wicked, yet loving and faithful, in them, and one gold filling in her solid little teeth, was going to fall in love with me, marry me, and be forever true and faithful to me while I went reading, eating, drinking, whoring, and devouring my way around the world; or finally that I would write a book or play every year or so, which would be a great success, and yield me fifteen or twenty thousand dollars at a crack.

Thus, I went storming away at the whole earth about me, sometimes mad with despair, weariness, and bewilderment; and sometimes wild with a jubilant and exultant joy and certitude as the conviction came to me that everything would happen as I wished. Then at night I would hear the vast sounds and silence of the earth and of the city, I would begin to think of the dark sleeping earth and of the continent of night, until it seemed to me it all was spread before me like a map—rivers, plains, and mountains and ten thousand sleeping towns; it seemed to me that I saw everything at once.

Then I would think about the State of Kansas, of Wyoming, Colorado, or some other place where I had never been, and I could sleep no more, and I would twist about in bed, and tear the sheets, get up and smoke, and walk around the room. I would feel an intolerable desire to go and see these places, to hear the voices of the people, to step out of the train upon the earth, and it seemed to me if I could do this only for five minutes I would be satisfied. I would become obsessed with the notion that the earth of these places would look and feel different from anything I had ever known, that it had a quality and texture of its own, a kind of elastic quality so that the foot would spring upon it, and also a feeling of depth and solidity which the earth in the East did not have. And I felt that I could never rest in peace again until I had stepped upon this earth, and tested it.

Meanwhile, the great antagonists of fixity and everlasting change, of wandering forever and return, of weariness intolerable and insatiate thirst, of certitude and peace and no desire and everlasting torment of the soul, had begun to wage perpetual warfare in me. And now I hardly ever thought of home. Rather, like a man held captive in some green land of sorcery, who does not know the years are passing while he dreams his life away, the enormous plant of time, desire, and memory flowered and fed forever with a cancerous growth through all the tissues of my life until the earth I came from, and the life that I had known seemed remote and buried as the sunken cities of Atlantis.

Then, one day I awoke at morning and thought of home. A lock-bolt was shot back in my memory and a door was opened. Suddenly, as if a curtain of dark sorcery had been lifted from my vision, I saw the earth I came from, and all the people I had known in shapes of deathless brightness. And instantly an intolerable desire to see them all again began to burn in me. I said: "I must go home again!" And this, too, all men who ever wandered on the earth have said.

Three years had passed by like a dream. During this time my father had died. That year I went home for the last time in October.

October had come again, and that year it was sharp and soon: frost was early, burning the thick green on the mountain sides to massed brilliant hues of blazing colors, painting the air with sharpness, sorrow, and delight. Sometimes, and often, there was warmth by day, an ancient drowsy light, a golden

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warmth and pollenated haze in afternoon, but over all the earth there was the premonitory breath of frost, an exultancy for all the men who were returning, a haunting sorrow for the buried men, and for all those who were gone and would not come again.

My father was dead, and now it seemed to me that I had never found him. He was dead, and yet I sought him everywhere, and could not believe that he was dead, and was sure that I would find him. It was October and that year, after years of absence and of wandering, I had come home again.

I could not think that he had died, but I had come home in October, and all the life that I had known there was strange and sorrowful as dreams. And yet I saw it all in shapes of deathless brightness—the town, the streets, the magic hills, and the plain prognathous faces of the people I had known as if I had revisited the shores of this great earth with a heart of fire, a cry of pain and ecstasy, a memory of intolerable longing and regret for all that glorious and exultant life which I must visit now forever as a fleshless ghost, never to touch, to hold, to have its palpable warmth and substance for my own again. I had come home again, and yet I could not believe that he was dead, and I thought I heard his great voice ringing in the street again, and that I would see him striding toward me across the Square with his gaunt earth-devouring stride, or find him waiting every time I turned the corner, or lunging toward the house bearing the tremendous provender of his food and meat, bringing to us all the deathless security of his strength and power and passion, bringing to us all again the roaring message of his fires that shook the firefull chimney throat with their terrific blast, giving to us all again the exultant knowledge that the good days, the magic days, the golden weather of our lives would come again, and that this dream-like and phantasmal world in which I found myself would waken instantly, as it had once, to all the palpable warmth and glory of the earth, if only my father would come back to make it live, to give us life, again.

Therefore, I could not think that he was dead. And at night, in my mother's house, I would lie in my bed in the dark, hearing the wind that rattled dry leaves along the empty pavement, hearing far-off across the wind, the barking of a dog, feeling dark time, strange time, dark secret time, as it flowed on around me, remembering my life, this house, and all the million strange and secret visages of time, dark time, thinking, feeling, thinking:

"October has come again, has come again. . . . I have come home again, and found my father dead . . . and that was time . . . time . . . time. . . . Where shall I go now? What shall I do? For October has come again, but there has gone some richness from the life we knew, and we are lost."

Storm shook the house at night—the old house, my mother's house—where I had seen my brother die. The old doors swung and creaked in darkness, darkness pressed against the house, the darkness filled us, filled the house at night, it moved about us soft and secret, palpable, filled with a thousand secret presences of sorrowful time and memory, moving about me as I lay below my brother's room in darkness, while storm shook the house and something creaked and rattled in the wind's strong blast.

Wind beat at us with burly shoulders in the night. The darkness moved there in the house like something silent, palpable—a spirit breathing in my mother's house, a demon and a friend—speaking to me its silent and intolerable prophecy of flight, of secrecy and of storm, moving about me constantly, prowling about the edges of my life, ever beside me, in me, whispering:

"Child, child—come with me—come with me to your brother's grave tonight. Come with me to the places where the young men lie whose bodies have long since been buried in the earth. Come with me where they walk and move again tonight, and you shall see your brother's face again, and hear his voice, and see again, as they march toward you from their graves, the company of the young men who died, as he did, in October, speaking to you their messages of flight, of triumph, and the all-exultant darkness, telling you that all will be again as it was once."

And I would lie there thinking:

"October has come again—has come again"—feeling the dark around me, not believing that my father could be dead, thinking: "The strange and lonely years have come again. . . . I have come home again . . . come home again . . . and will it not be with us as it has been again?"—feeling darkness as it moved about me, thinking, "Is it not the same darkness that I knew in childhood, and have I not lain here in bed before, and felt this darkness moving all about me? . . . Did we not hear dogs that barked in darkness, in October," I then thought. "Were not their howls far broken by the wind? . . . And hear dry leaves that scampered on the streets at night . . . and the huge and burly rushes of the wind . . . and hear limbs that stiffly creak in the remote demented howlings of the wind . . . and something creaking in the wind at night . . . and think, then, as we think now, of all the men who have gone and never will come back again, and of our friends and brothers who lie buried in the earth? . . . Oh, has not October now come back again," I cried, "as always—as it always was?"—and hearing the great darkness softly prowling in my mother's house at night, and thinking, feeling, thinking, as I lay there in the dark:

"Now October has come again which in our land is different from October in the other lands. The ripe, the golden month has come again, and in Virginia the chinkapins are falling. Frost sharps the middle music of the seasons, and all things living on the earth turn home again. The country is so big you cannot say the country has the same October. In Maine, the frost comes sharp and quick as driven nails, just for a week or so the woods, all of the bright and bitter leaves, flare up: the maples turn a blazing bitter red, and other leaves turn yellow like a living light, falling about you as you walk the woods, falling about you like small pieces of the sun, so that you cannot say where sunlight shakes and flutters on the ground, and where the leaves.

"Meanwhile the Palisades are melting in massed molten colors, the season swings along the nation, and a little later in the South dense woodings on the hill begin to glow and soften, and when they smell the burning woodsmoke in Ohio children say: 'I'll bet that there's a forest fire in Michigan.' And the mountaineer goes hunting down in North Carolina, he stays out late with mournful flop-eared hounds, a rind of moon comes up across the

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rude lift of the hills: what do his friends say to him when he stays out late? Full of hoarse innocence and laughter, they will say: 'Mister, yore ole woman's goin' to whup ye if ye don't go home.'"

Oh, return, return!

"October is the richest of the seasons: the fields are cut, the granaries are full, the bins are loaded to the brim with fatness, and from the cider-press the rich brown oozings of the York Imperials run. The bee bores to the belly of the yellowed grape, the fly gets old and fat and blue, he buzzes loud, crawls slow, creeps heavily to death on sill and ceiling, the sun goes down in blood and pollen across the bronzed and mown fields of old October.

"The corn is shocked: it sticks out in hard yellow rows upon dried ears, fit now for great red barns in Pennsylvania, and the big stained teeth of crunching horses. The indolent hoofs kick swiftly at the boards, the barn is sweet with hay and leather, wood and apples. This, and the clean dry crunching of the teeth, is all: the sweat, the labor, and the plow are over. The late pears mellow on a sunny shelf; smoked hams hang to the warped barn rafters; the pantry shelves are loaded with three hundred jars of fruit. Meanwhile the leaves are turning, turning up in Maine, the chestnut burrs plop thickly to the earth in gusts of wind, and in Virginia the chinkapins are falling.

"There is a smell of burning in small towns in afternoon, and men with buckles on their arms are raking leaves in yards as boys come by with straps slung back across their shoulders. The oak leaves, big and brown, are bedded deep in yard and gutter: they make deep wadings to the knee for children in the streets. The fire will snap and crackle like a whip, sharp acrid smoke will sting the eyes, in mown fields the little vipers of the flame eat past the black coarse edges of burnt stubble like a line of locusts. Fire drives a thorn of memory in the heart.

"The bladed grass, a forest of small spears of ice, is thawed by noon: summer is over but the sun is warm again, and there are days throughout the land of gold and russet. But summer is dead and gone, the earth is waiting, suspense and ecstasy are gnawing at the hearts of men, the brooding prescience of frost is there. The sun flames red and bloody as it sets, there are old red glintings on the battered pails, the great barn gets the ancient light as the boy slops homeward with warm foaming milk. Great shadows lengthen in the fields, the old red light dies swiftly, and the sunset barking of the hounds is faint and far and full of frost: there are shrewd whistles to the dogs of frost and silence—this is all. Wind scuffs and rattles at the old brown leaves, and through the night the great oak leaves keep falling.

"Trains cross the continent in a swirl of dust and thunder, the leaves fly down the tracks behind them: the great trains cleave through gulch and gulley, they rumble with spoked thunder of the bridges over the powerful brown wash of mighty rivers, they toil through hills, they skirt the rough brown stubble of shorn fields, they whip past empty stations in the little towns and their great stride pounds its even pulse across America. Field and hill and lift and gulch and hollow, mountain and plain and river, a wilderness with fallen trees across it, a thicket of bedded brown and twisted undergrowth, a plain, a desert, and a plantation, a mighty landscape with no fenced niceness, an immensity of fold and convolution that can never be remembered, that can never be forgotten, that has never been described—weary with harvest, potent with every fruit and ore, the immeasurable richness embrowned with autumn, rank, crude, unharnessed, careless of scars or beauty, everlasting and magnificent, a cry, a space, an ecstasy!—American earth in old October.

"And the great winds howl and swoop across the land: they make a distant roaring in great trees, and boys in bed will stir in ecstasy, thinking of demons and vast swoopings through the earth. All through the night there is the clean, the bitter rain of acorns, and the chestnut burrs are plopping to the ground.

"And often in the night there is only the living silence, the distant frosty barking of a dog, the small clumsy stir and feathery stumble of the chickens on limed roosts, and the moon, the low and heavy moon of autumn, now barred behind the leafless poles of pines, now at the pinewood's brooding edge and summit, now falling with ghost's dawn of milky light upon rimed clods of fields and on the frosty scurf on pumpkins, now whiter, smaller, brighter, hanging against the church spire's slope, hanging the same way in a million streets, steeping all the earth in frost and silence.

"Then a chime of frost-cold bells may peal out on the brooding air, and people lying in their beds will listen. They will not speak or stir, silence will gnaw the darkness like a rat, but they will whisper in their hearts:

"'Summer has come and gone, has come and gone. And now—?' But they will say no more, they will have no more to say: they will wait listening, silent and brooding as the frost, to time, strange ticking time, dark time that haunts us with the briefness of our days. They will think of men long dead, of men now buried in the earth, of frost and silence long ago, of a forgotten face and moment of lost time, and they will think of things they have no words to utter.

"And in the night, in the dark, in the living sleeping silence of the towns, the million streets, they will hear the thunder of the fast express, the whistles of great ships upon the river.

"What will they say then? What will they say?"

Only the darkness moved about me as I lay there thinking; feeling in the darkness: a door creaked softly in the house.

"October is the season for returning: the bowels of youth are yearning with lost love. Their mouths are dry and bitter with desire: their hearts are torn with the thorns of Spring. For lovely April, cruel and flowerful, will tear them with sharp joy and wordless lust. Spring has no language but a cry; but crueller than April is the asp of time.

"All things on earth point home in old October: Sailors to sea, travellers to walls and fences, hunters to field and hollow and the long voice of the hounds, the lover to the love he has forsaken—all things that live upon this earth return, return: Father, will you not, too, come back again?

"Where are you now, when all things on the earth come back again? For have not all these things been here before, have we not seen them, heard them, known them, and will they not live again for us as they did once, if only you come back again?

"Father, in the night time, in the

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dark, I have heard the thunder of the fast express. In the night, in the dark, I have heard the howling of the winds among great trees, and the sharp and windy raining of the acorns. In the night, in the dark, I have heard the feet of rain upon the roofs, the glut and gurgle of the gutter spouts, and the soaking gulping throat of all the mighty earth, drinking its thirst out in the month of May—and heard the sorrowful silence of the river in October. The hill-streams foam and welter in a steady plunge, the mined clay drops and melts and eddies in the night, the snake coils cool and glistening under dripping ferns, the water roars down past the mill in one sheer sheet-like plunge, making a steady noise like wind, and in the night, in the dark, the river flows by us to the sea.

"The great maw slowly drinks the land as we lie sleeping: the mined banks cave and crumble in the dark, the dark earth melts and drops into its tide, great horns are baying in the gulf of night, great boats are baying at the river's mouth. Thus, thick with the wastes of earth, dark with our stains, and heavied with our dumpings, rich, rank, beautiful and unending as all life, all living, the river, the dark immortal river, full of strange tragic time, is flowing by us —by us—by us—to the sea.

"All this has been upon the earth, and will abide forever. But you are gone, our lives are ruined and broken in the night, our lives are mined below us by the river, are whirled away into the sea and darkness, and we are lost unless you come to give us life again.

"Come to us, father, in the watches of the night, come to us as you always came, bringing to us the invincible sustenance of your strength, the limitless treasure of your bounty, the tremendous structure of your life that will shape all lost and broken things on earth again into a golden pattern of exultancy and joy. Come to us, father, while the winds howl in the darkness, for October has come again bringing with it huge prophecies of death and life and the great cargo of the men who will return. For we are ruined, lost, and broken if you do not come, and our lives, like rotten chips, are whirled about us onward in the darkness to the sea."

So, thinking, feeling, speaking, I lay there in my mother's house, but there was nothing in the house but silence and the moving darkness: storm shook the house and huge winds rushed upon us, and I knew then that my father would not come again, and that all the life that I had known was now lost and broken as a dream.

Suddenly I knew that every man who ever lived has looked, is looking, for his father, and that even when his father dies, his son will still search furiously the streets of life to find him, and that he never loses hope but always feels that some day he will see his father's face again. I had come home again in October and there were no doors, there were no doors for me to enter and I knew now that I could never make this life my own again. Yet, in all the huge unrest that was goading me to flight I had no place or door or dwelling-place on earth to go, and yet must make for myself a life different from the one my father made for me or die myself.

Storm shook the house at night and there was something calling in the wind. It spoke to me and filled my heart with the exultant prophecies of flight, darkness, and discovery, saying with a demon's whisper of unbodied joy:

"Away! Away! Away! There are new lands, morning, and a shining city! Child, child, go find the earth again!"

III

October: 1926

Smoke-gold by day, the numb exultant secrecies of fog, a fog-numb air filled with the solemn joy of nameless and impending prophecy, an ancient yellow light, the old smoke-ochre of the morning, never coming to an open brightness—such was October in England that year. Sometimes by night in stormy skies there was the wild, the driven moon, sometimes the naked time-far loneliness, the most—oh most—familiar blazing of the stars that shine on men forever, their nameless, passionate dilemma of strong joy and empty desolation, hope and terror, home and hunger, the huge twin tyranny of their bitter governance—wandering forever and the earth again.

They are still-burning, homely particles of night that light the huge tent of the dark with their remembered fire, recalling the familiar hill, the native earth from which we came, from which we could have laid our finger on them, and making the great earth and home seem near, most near, to wanderers; and filling them with naked desolations of doorless, houseless, timeless, and unmeasured vacancy.

And everywhere that year there was something secret, lonely, and immense that waited, that impended, that was still. Something that promised numbly, hugely, in the fog-numb air, and that never broke to any open sharpness, and that was almost keen and frosty October in remembered hills—oh, there was something there incredibly near and most familiar, only a word, a stride, a room, a door away—only a door away and never opened, only a door away and never found.

At night, in the lounging rooms of the old inn, crackling fires were blazing cheerfully, and people sat together drinking small cups of the black bitter liquid mud that they called coffee.

The people were mostly family groups who had come to visit their son or brother in the university. They were the most extraordinary, ugly, and distinguished looking people I had ever seen. There was the father, often the best looking of the lot: a man with a ruddy weathered face, a cropped white mustache, iron gray hair—an open, driving, bull-dog look of the country carried with tremendous style. The mother was very ugly with a long horse face and grimly weathered cheek flanks that seemed to have the tough consistency of well-tanned leather. Her grim bared smile shone in her weathered face and was nailed forever round the gauntness of her grinning teeth. She had a neighing voice, a shapeless figure, distinguished by the bony and angular width of the hip structure, clothed with fantastic dowdiness—fantastic because the men were dressed so well, and because everything they wore, no matter how old and used it might be, seemed beautiful and right.

The daughter had the mother's look: a tall gawky girl with a bony, weathered face and a toothy mouth, she wore an ill-fitting evening or party dress of a light unpleasant blue, with a big meaningless rosette of ruffles at the waist. She had big feet, bony legs and arms, and she was wearing pumps of dreary gray and gray silk stockings.

The son was a little fellow with ruddy apple-cheeks, crisp, fair, curly hair, and

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baggy gray trousers; and there was another youth, one of his college friends, of the same cut and quality, who paid a dutiful but cold attention to the daughter, which she repaid in kind, and with which every one was completely satisfied.

They had to be seen to be believed, but even then, one could only say, like the man who saw the giraffe: "I don't believe it." The young men sat stiffly on the edges of their chairs, holding their little cups of coffee in their hands, bent forward in an attitude of cold but respectful attentiveness, and the conversation that went on among them was incredible. For their manner was impregnable, they were cold, remote, and formal almost to the point of military curtness, and yet one felt among them constantly an utter familiarity of affection, a strange secret warmth, past words or spoken vows, that burned in them like glacial fire.

When you got ten or fifteen feet away from them their language could not have been more indecipherable if they had spoken in Chinese; but it was fascinating just to listen to the sounds. For there would be long mounting horse-like neighs, and then there would be reedy flute-like notes, and incisive cold finalities and clipped ejaculations and sometimes a lovely and most musical speech. But the horse-like neighs and clipped ejaculations would predominate; and suddenly I understood how strange these people seemed to other races, and why Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians would sometimes stare at them with gape-mouthed stupefaction when they heard them talking.

Once when I passed by them they had the family vicar or some clergyman of their acquaintance with them. He was a mountain of a man, and he too, was hardly credible: the huge creature was at least six and a half feet tall, and he must have weighed three hundred pounds. He had a flaming moon of face and jowl, at once most animal and delicate, and he peered out keenly with luminous smoke-gray eyes beneath a bushy hedge-growth of gray brows. He was dressed in the clerical garb and his bulging grossly sensual calves were encased in buttoned gaiters. As I went by, he was leaning forward with his little cup of muddy coffee held delicately in the huge mutton of his hand, peering keenly out beneath his beetling bush of brow at the young man who was the brother's friend.

"Did you ever read—that is, in recent yöhs—the concluding chaptahs in 'The Vicah of Wakefield'?" Carefully he set the little cup down in its saucer. "I was reading it again the other day. It's an extraordinary thing!" he said.

It was impossible to reproduce the sound of these simple words, or the effect they wrought upon my senses.

For first, the words "Did you ever" were delivered in a delicate rising-and-falling neigh, the word "read" really came out with a long reedy sound, the words "that is in recent yöhs," in a parenthesis of sweetly gentle benevolence, the phrase "the concluding chaptahs in 'The Vicah of Wakefield,'" in full, deliberate, satisfied tones of titular respect, the phrase "I was reading it again the other day," thoughtfully, reedily, with a subdued, gentle, and mellow reminiscence, and the final decisive phrase, "It's an extraordinary thing," with passionate conviction and sincerity that passed at the end into such an unction of worshipful admiration that the words "extraordinary thing" were not spoken, but breathed out passionately, and had the sound "*'strawd'n'ry* thing!"

"Ow!" the young man answered distantly, and in a rather surprised tone, with an air of coldly startled interest, "Now! I can't say that I have—not since my nursery days, at any rate!" He laughed metallically.

"You should read it again," the mountainous creature breathed unctuously. "A *'strawd'n'ry* thing! A *'strawd'n'ry* thing." Delicately he lifted the little cup of muddy black in his huge hand again and put it to his lips.

"But *frightfully* sentimental, down't you think?" the girl neighed sharply at this point. "I mean all the lovely-woman-stoops-to-folly sawt of thing, you now. After all, it is a bit thick to expect people to swallow *that* nowadays," she neighed, "particularly after all that's happened in the last twenty yöhs. I suppose it mattuhed in the eighteenth centureh but after all," she neighed with an impatient scorn, "who cares today? Who cares," she went on recklessly, "*what* lovely woman stoops to? I can't see that it makes the *slightest* difference. It's not as if it mattuhed any longah! No one cares!"

"Ow!" the young man said with his air of coldly startled interest. "Yes, I think I follow you, but I don't entirely agree. How can we be certain what *is* sentimental and what's not?"

"But it seems to me he misses the whole point!" the girl exclaimed with one full mouth-like rush. "After all," she went on scornfully, "no one is interested in woman's folly any longah—the ruined-maiden broken-vows sawt of thing. If that was what she got she should have jolly well known what she wanted to begin with! *I'll* not waste any pity on her," she said grimly. "The greatest folly is not knowin' what you want to do! The whole point today is to live as cleveleh as possible! That's the only thing that mattahs! If you know what you want and go about it cleveleh, the rest of it will take care of itself."

"Um," the mother now remarked, her gaunt bare smile set grimly, formidably, on her weathered face. "That takes a bit of doin', *doesn't* it?" And as she spoke these quiet words her grim smile never faltered for an instant and there was a hard, an obdurate, an almost savage irony in her intonation, which left them all completely unperturbed.

"Oh, a *'strawd'n'ry* thing! A *'strawd'n'ry* thing!" the huge clerical creature whispered dreamily at this point, as if he had not heard them. And delicately he set his little cup back on the saucer.

One's first impulse when he saw and heard them was to shout with an astounded laughter—and yet, somehow, one never laughed. They had a formidable and impregnable quality that silenced laughter: a quality that was so assured in its own sense of inevitable rightness that it saw no other way except its own, and was so invincibly sure in its own way that it was indifferent to all others. It could be taken among strange lands and alien faces, and to the farthest and most savage colonies on earth, and would never change or alter by a jot.

Yes, they had found a way, a door, a room to enter, and there were walls about them now, and the way was theirs. The mark of dark time and the architecture of unnumbered centuries of years were on them, and had made them what they were, and what they were, they were, and would not change.

I did not know if their way was a good way, but I knew it was not mine. Their door was one I could not enter. And suddenly the naked empty deso-

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lation filled my life again, and I was walking on beneath the timeless sky, and had no wall at which to hurl my strength, no door to enter by, and no purpose for the furious unemployment of my soul. And now the worm was eating at my heart again. I felt the slow interminable waste and wear of gray time all about me and my life was passing in the darkness, and all the time a voice kept saying: "Why? Why am I here now? And where shall I go?"

When I got out into the High Street after dinner, the dark air would be thronging with the music of great bells, and there would be a smell of fog and smoke and old October in the air, the premonitory thrill and menace of some intolerable and nameless joy. Often at night, the visage of the sky would by some magic be released from the thick grayness that had covered it by day, and would shine forth barely, blazing with flashing and magnificent stars.

And, as the old bells thronged through the smoky air, the students would be passing along the street, singly or in groups of two or three, briskly, and with the eager haste that told of meetings to come, appointments to be kept, or the expectation of some good fortune, happiness, or pleasure toward which they hurried on.

The soft glow of lights would shine from the ancient windows of the colleges, and one could hear the faint sounds of voices, laughter, sometimes music.

Then I would go to different pubs and drink until the closing time. Sometimes the proctors would come into a pub where I was drinking, speak amicably to every one, and in a moment more go out again.

Somehow I always hoped that they would take me for a student. I could see them stepping up to me, as I stood there at the bar, saying courteously, yet gravely and sternly:

"Your name and college, sir?"

Then I could see the look of astonished disbelief on their grim red faces when I told them I was not a student, and at last, when I had convinced them, I could hear their crestfallen muttered-out apologies, and would graciously excuse them.

But the proctors never spoke to me, and the bar-man, seeing me look at them as they went out one night, misunderstood the look, and laughed with cheerful reassurance:

"You've nothing at all to worry about, sir. They won't bother you. It's only the gentlemen at the University they're after."

"How do they know I'm not there?"

"That I couldn't tell you, sir," he answered cheerfully, "but they 'ave a way of knowin'! Ah, yes!" he said with satisfaction, slapping a wet cloth down upon the bar. "They 'ave a way of knowin', right enough! They're a clever lot, those chaps. A very clever lot, sir, and they always 'ave a way of knowin' when you're not." And smiling cheerfully, he made a vigorous parting swipe across the wood, and put the cloth away below the counter.

My glass was almost empty and I looked at it, and wondered if I ought to have another. I thought they made them very small, and kept thinking of the governors of North and South Carolina. It was a fine, warm, open sort of pub, and there was a big fire-place just behind me, crackling smartly with a fire of blazing coals: I could feel the warmth upon my back. Outside, in the fog-numb air, people came by with lonely, rapid footsteps and were lost in fog-numb air again.

At this moment the bar-maid, who had bronze-red hair and the shrewd, witty visage of a parrot, turned and called out in a cheerful, crisply peremptory tone: "Time please, gentlemen. Closing time."

I put the glass down empty. I wondered what the way of knowing was.

It was October, about the middle of the month, at the opening of the Michaelmas term. Everywhere there was the exultant thrill and bustle of returning, of a new life, beginning in an ancient and beautiful place that was itself enriched by the countless lives and adventures of hundreds of years. In the morning there was the numb excitement of the foggy air, a smell of good tobacco, beer, grilled kidneys, ham and sausages, and grilled tomatoes, a faint nostalgic smell of tea, and incredibly, somehow, in that foggy old-gold light, a smell of coffee—a maddening, false, delusive smell, for when one went to find the coffee it would not be there: it was black liquid mud, bitter, lifeless, and undrinkable.

Everything was very expensive and yet it made you feel rich yourself just to look at it. The little shops, the wine shops with their bay windows of small leaded glass, and the crusty opulence of the bottles of old port and sherry and the burgundies, the mellow homely warmth and quietness of the interior, the tailor shops, the tobacco shops with their selected grades of fine tobacco stored in ancient crocks, the little bell that tinkled thinly as you went in from the street, the decorous, courteous, yet suavely good-natured proprietor behind the counter, who had the ruddy cheeks, the flowing brown mustache and the wing-collar of the shopkeeper of solid substance, and who would hold the crock below your nose to let you smell the moist fragrance of a rare tobacco before you bought, and would offer you one of his best cigarettes before you left—all of this gave somehow to the simplest acts of life and business a ritualistic warmth and sanctity, and made you feel wealthy and secure.

And everywhere around me in the morning there was the feeling of an immanent recovery, a recapture of a life that had always been my own. This familiar look kept shining at me through the faces of the people. It was in the faces of tradesmen—people in butcher shops, wine shops, clothing stores—and sometimes it was in the faces of women, at once common, fine, familiar, curiously delicate and serene, going to the markets, in the foggy old-bronze light of morning, and of men who passed by wearing derby hats and wing collars. It was in the faces of a man and his son, good-humored little red-faced bullocks, packed with life, who ran a pub in the Cowley Road near the house where, later, I went to live.

It was a look round, full, ruddy, and serene in its good-nature and had more openness and mellow humor in it than I had found in the faces of the people in New England. It was more like the look of country people and small-town people in the South. Sometimes it had the open tranquil ruddiness, the bovine and self-satisfied good humor of my uncle, Crockett Pentland, and sometimes it was like Mr. Bailey, the policeman, whom the negro killed one winter's night, when snow was on the ground and all the bells began to ring. And

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then it was full and hearty like the face of Mr. Ernest Pegram, who was the City Plumber and lived next door to my father, or it was plump, common, kindly, invincibly provincial, ignorant and domestic, like the face of Mrs. Higginson, who lived across the street, and had herself been born in England and whose common kindly face had the same animal, gentle, smoke-like delicacy of expression round the mouth that some of these men and women had.

It was a life that seemed so near to me that I could lay my hand on it and make it mine at any moment. I seemed to have returned to a room I had always known, and to have paused for a moment without any doubt or perturbation of the soul outside the door.

But I never found the door, or turned the knob, or stepped into the room. When I got there I couldn't find it. It was as near as my hand if I could only touch it, only as high as my heart and yet I could not reach it, only a hand's breadth off if I would span it, a word away if I would speak it.

I never found it. The old-smoke-gold of morning would be full of hope and joy and immanent discovery but afternoon would come and the soft gray humid skies pressed down on me with their huge numb waste and weight and weariness of intolerable time, and the empty naked desolation filled my guts.

I would walk that legendary street past all those visible and enchanted substances of time, and see the students passing through the college gates, the unbelievable velvet green of college quads, and see the huge dark room of peace and joy that time had made, and I had no way of getting into it.

Each day I walked about the town and breathed the accursed languid softness of gray foreign air, that had no bite or sparkle in it, and went by all their fabulous age-encrusted walls of Gothic time, and wondered what in the name of God I had to do with all their walls or towers, or how I could feed my hunger on the portraits of the Spanish king, and why I was there, why I had come!

Around me was the whole structure of an enchanted life—a life hauntingly familiar—and now that I was there I had no way of getting into it. The inn itself was ancient, legendary, beautiful, elfin, like all the inns I had ever read about, and yet all of the cheer, the warmth, the joy and comfort I had dreamed of finding in an inn was lacking.

Upstairs the halls went crazily up and down at different levels, one mounted steps, went down again, got lost and turned around in the bewildering design of the ancient added-on-to structure—and this was the way I had always known it would be. But the rooms were small, cold, dark, and dreary, the lights were dim and dismal, you stayed out of your room as much as possible and when you went to bed at night you crawled in trembling between clammy sheets. When you got up in the morning there was a small jug of warm water at your door with which to shave, but the jug was too small. You got out of the room and went downstairs as quickly as you could.

Downstairs it would be fine. There would be a brisk fire crackling in the hearth, the old smoke-gold of morning and the smell of fog, the crisp cheerful voices of the people and their ruddy competent morning look, and the cheerful smells of breakfast, always liberal and good, the best meal that they had: kidneys and ham and eggs and sausages, toast and marmalade and tea.

But at night there would come the huge boiled-flannel splendor of the dinner, the magnificent and prayerful service of the waiter, who served you with such reverent grace from heavy silver platters that you felt the food must be as good as everything looked. But it never was.

I ate at a large table in the centre of the dining-room provided by a thoughtful management for such isolated waifs and strays as myself. The food looked very good, and was, according to the genius of the nation, tasteless. How they ever did it I could never tell: everything was of the highest quality and you chewed upon it mournfully, wearily, swallowing it with the dreary patience of a man who has been condemned forever to an exclusive diet of boiled unseasoned spinach. There was a kind of evil sorcery, a desolate mystery in the way they could take the choicest meats and vegetables and extract all their succulence and native flavor from them, and serve them up to you magnificently with every atom of their former life reduced to the general character of stewed hay or well-boiled flannel.

There would be a thick heavy soup of dark mahogany, a piece of boiled fish covered with a nameless, tasteless sauce of glutinous white, roast beef that had been done to death in dish-water, and solid, perfect, lovely brussels sprouts for whose taste there was no name whatever. It might have been the taste of boiled wet ashes, or the taste of stewed green leaves, with all the bitterness left out, pressed almost dry of moisture, or simply the taste of boiled clouds and rain and fog. For dessert, there would be a pudding of some quivery yellow substance, beautifully moulded, which was surrounded by a thin sweetish fluid of a sickly pink. And at the end there would be a cup of black bitter liquid mud.

I felt as if these dreary ghosts of food would also come to life at any moment, if I could only do some single simple thing—make the gesture of an incantation, or say a prayer, or speak a magic word, a word I almost had, but couldn't quite remember.

It was the food that plagued my soul with misery, bitter disappointment, and bewilderment. For I liked to eat and they had written about food better than any one on earth. Since my childhood, there had burned in my mind a memory of the food they wrote about. It was a memory drawn from a thousand books (of which "Quentin Durward," curiously, was one), but most of all it came from that tremendous scene in "Tom Brown's School-Days" which described the boy's ride through the frosty darkness on an English stagecoach, the pause for breakfast at an inn, blazing fire, cheerful room, snowy table groaning with spiced meats, waiter reeling in with steaks, grilled kidneys, eggs and bacon, piping hot.

I could remember with a gluttonous delight the breakfast which that hungry boy had devoured. It was a memory so touched with the magic relish of frost and darkness, smoking horses, the thrill, the ecstasy of the journey and a great adventure, the cheer, the warmth, the bustle of the inn, and the delicious abundance of the food they gave the boy, that the whole thing was evoked with blazing vividness, and now it would almost drive me mad with hunger when I thought of it.

Now it seemed to me that these people had written so magnificently about good food not because they always had it, but because they had it rarely and

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therefore made great dreams and fantasies about it, and that this same quality —the quality of *lack* rather than of *possession*, of desire rather than fulfilment —had got into everything they did, and made them dream great dreams, and do heroic acts, and had enriched their lives unmeasurably.

They had been the greatest poets in the world because the love and substance of great poetry were so rare among them. Their poems were so full of the essential quality of sunlight because their lives had known sunlight briefly, and so shot through with the massy substance of essential gold (a matchless triumph of light and color and material in which they have beaten the whole world by every standard of comparison) because they had known so much fog and rain, so little gold. And they had spoken best of April because April was so brief with them.

Thus from the grim gray of their skies they had alchemied gold, and from their hunger, glorious food, and from the raw bleakness of their lives and weathers they had drawn magic. And what was good among them had been won sternly, sparely, bitterly from all that was ugly, dull, and painful in their lives, and, when it came, was more rare and beautiful than anything on earth.

But that, I knew, was also theirs: it was another door I could not enter.

IV

Late April: 1928

Before me, all that Spring, in the broad window of the dingy storage house across the street, a man sat, in a posture that had never changed, looking out the window. It was an old building with a bleak and ugly front of a rusty, indurated brown, a harsh webbing of fire escapes, and a battered old wooden sign which stretched across the whole width of the façade, and on which in faded letters was inscribed this legend: The Security Distributing Corporation. I did not know what a Distributing Corporation was, nor the purport of its business, but every day since I had come into this street to live, enormous motor vans and powerful horse-drawn trucks had driven up before this dingy building, had backed cleanly and snugly against the floor of old, worn planking that ended with a sharp, sheared emptiness three feet above the sidewalk pavement. And instantly the quiet and musty depths of the old building would burst into a furious energy of work: the drivers and their helpers would leap from their seats to the pavements, and the air would be filled with the harsh, constricted cries and shouts of the city:

"Back it up, deh! Back it up! Cuh-*mahn!* Cuh-*mahn!* Givvus a hand, youse guys! Hey-y! *You! Lightnin'!*" They looked at one another with hard smiling faces of derision, quietly saying, "Jesus!" They stood surlily upon their rights, defending truculently the narrow frontier of their duty: "Wadda *I* care where it goes? Dat's *yoeh* lookout! Wat t'hell 'sit got to do wit me!" And they worked furiously, unamiably, with high exacerbated voices, spurred and goaded by their harsh unrest. They worked with speed and power and splendid aptness, shouting: "Hey-y! Youse guys! D'yuth t'ink all we got to do is run aroun' wit youse all night? . . . Back it up, deh! Back it up!"

They had the tough, seamed face, the thick, dry skin without a hue of freshness or of color, the constricted speech, the hard assurance of men born and nurtured from the city's iron breast, and yet there was a bitter savour to them, too. Born to a world of brick and stone and savage conflict, torn from their mother's womb into a world of crowded tenements and swarming streets, stunned into sleep at childhood beneath the sudden, slamming racket of the elevated trains, taught to fight, to menace, and to struggle in a world of savage violence and incessant din, the qualities of that world had been stamped into their flesh and movements, written into their tongue and brain and vision, distilled through all the tissues of their flesh until their lives, schooled in the city's life, had taken on its special tones and qualities. Its harsh metallic clangours sounded from their strident tongues, the savage speed and violence of its movement were communicated to their acts and gestures, the rhythm of its furious dissonance, its vertical heights and canyoned narrowness, and the vast illusion of its swarming repetitions, had yielded them the few words and oaths and gestures, the perfect, constant, catlike balance that they needed, and stunned their senses to a competent and undaunted tonelessness, cutting the pattern of their lives sparely into its furious and special groove.

The city was their stony-hearted mother and they had drawn a harsh nurture from its breast. Surly of act, and ready in an instant with a curse, their pulse beat with the furious rhythm of the city's stroke, their tongues were bitter with its strident and abusive languages, and their hearts were filled with an immense and secret pride, a dark, unspoken tenderness when they thought of it.

Their souls were like the implacable asphalt visage of a city street: each day the movement of a furious life, a thousand new and alien pageantries, the violent colors of a thousand new sensations swept across the visage of that soul, and each day all sound and sight and fury were erased from its unyielding surfaces. Ten thousand furious days had passed about them, and they had no memory: they lived like creatures born full-grown into present time, shedding the whole accumulation of the past with every step they took, with every breath they drew, and their lives were written in the passing of each moment of dark time.

And they were sure and certain, forever wrong, but always confident; and they had no hesitation, they confessed no ignorance, nor error, and they knew no doubt. They began each morning with a jibe, a shout, an oath of harsh impatience; eager for the tumult of the day, they sat strongly in their seats at furious noon, and through fumes of oil and hot machinery addressed their curses to the public at the tricks and strategies of cunning rivals, the tyranny of the police, the stupidity of the pedestrian, and the errors of less skilful men than they. Each day they faced the million perils and confusions of the streets with as calm a heart as if they were alone upon a country road. Each day, with an undaunted and untroubled mind, they embarked upon an adventure at which the hearts of men bred only to the wilderness would have recoiled in horror and desolation.

The power and precision with which they worked stirred in me a strong and deep emotion of respect, and it also touched in me a sense of regret and humility. For whenever I saw it, my own life, with its tormented desires, its fury of love and madness, its wild and uncertain projects and designs, its la-

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bors begun in hope and confidence and ended in despair and incompletion, its obscure purposes and bewilderments, by a cruel comparison with the lives of these men who had learned to use their strength and talents perfectly in a life demanding manual skill, and mastery of sensuous materials, seemed blind, faltering, baffled, still lost in clouds and chaos and confusion.

Five times a week at night, the mighty vans were lined up at the curb in an immense and waiting caravan. Their huge bulk was covered now with great bolts of canvas, on each side a small green lamp was burning, and the drivers, their faces faintly lit with small, respiring points of red tobacco ash, were talking quietly in the shadow of their great machines. Once I had asked one of the drivers the destination of these nightly journeys, and the man had told me that they went to Philadelphia, and would return again by morning.

That spring the picture of these great vans at night, immense, sombre, and yet alive with a powerful and silent expectancy, the small green glow of the lamps and the quiet voices of the drivers waiting for the word to start, had given me a sense of mystery and joy. I could not have said what emotion the scene evoked in me, but in it was something of the cruel loveliness of April, the immense space and loneliness of the land at night, the lilac dark, sown with its glittering panoply of stars, and the drivers moving in their great dark vans through sleeping towns, and out into the fragrant country-side again, and into first light, cities, April, and the birdsong in the morning.

They were a part of that great company of men throughout the earth who love the night, and I felt a sense of union with them. For I had loved the night more dearly than the day. The energies of my life had risen to their greatest strength at night, and at the centre of my life had always been the secret and exultant heart of darkness.

I knew the joys and labors of such men as these, who drove their huge vans through the country in the night. I could see and feel with the literal concreteness of an experience in which I had shared all hours and movements of their journey. I could see the dark processional of vans lumbering through the sleeping towns, and feel the darkness, the cool fragrance of the country on my face again. I could see the quiet, seamed faces of the drivers dimly lit by lantern flares, and I knew the places where they stopped to eat, the little all-night lunch rooms or the lunch wagon warm with greasy light, now empty, save for the dozing authority of the soiled night-time Greek, and now filled with the heavy shuffle of the drivers' feet, the hard and casual intrusions of their voices.

I could smell the pungent solace of strong, fragrant fresh tobacco, the plain, priceless, and uncostly joy of the first cigarette lit between the cupped flame of a hard hand and a strong-seamed mouth, in slow fumes of deep-drawn luxury from the nostrils of a tired man. Then I could smell the sultry excellent excitement of black boiling coffee, the clean hungry spur and savor of the frying eggs and onions, and the male and meaty relish of strong frying hamburgers. I could see and smell and taste the strong coarse pats of forcemeat red, smacked by a greasy hand upon the blackened sheet of frying plate, turning, in a coil of pungent smoke, from ground, spicy, sanguinary beef into a browned and blackened succulence, crisp on its surface, juicy at the core with the good raw grain of meat.

They ate coarsely, thrusting at plate and cup with strong, hoarse gulpings, goatily, with jungle lust, with the full sharp relish of male hunger and the pleasant weariness of a strong fatigue. They ate with bestial concentration, grained to the teeth with coarse spicy meat, coating their sandwiched hamburgers with the liberal unction of the thick tomato ketchup, and rending with hard blackened fingers soft yielding slabs of fragrant baker's bread.

Oh, I was with them, of them, for them, blood brother of their joy and hunger to the last hard gulping of the craw, the last deep ease and glow of strong hungry bellies, the last slow coil of pungent blue expiring from the bellows of their grateful lungs.

Their lives seemed glorious to me in the magic of the dark and April. They swept strongly, invincibly, into the heart of desolation, through all the fury, pain and madness of my soul, speaking to me again their exultant prophecies of new lands, triumph and discovery, the morning of new joy upon the earth again, the resurrection of man's ancient, deathless, and triumphant labor of creation, saying to me again with an invincible contention that we who were dead should live again, we who were lost be found, and that the secret, wild, and lonely heart of man was young and living in the darkness, and could never die.

All that Spring in the window of the warehouse, the man sat at a desk, staring out into the street. I had seen this man three hundred times, and yet I had never seen him do anything but look out the window with a fixed abstracted stare. At first, the man had seemed so natural and unobtrusive a part of his surroundings that his personality had faded quietly into them, as much a part of the old warehouse building as its dusty brick and dingy planking, and he had gone unnoticed.

Then Esther, with her merry, quick, and sharp observance, had caught and fixed him in her memory, had looked quietly at him day by day and then, one day, with laughter, had pointed to him, saying, "There's our friend in the Distributing Corp. again! What do you suppose he distributes? I've never seen him do anything but look out the window! Have you noticed him? Hah?" she said eagerly and merrily clapping her small hand to her ear. "God! It's the strangest thing I ever saw! He sits there day by day and he does nothing!" she cried with a rich laugh of astonishment. "Have you seen him? He spends all his time in looking out the window." She paused, making a slight movement of bewildered protest. "Isn't it queer?" she said, after a moment, with serious wonder. "What do you suppose a man like that can do? What do you suppose he's thinking of?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said indifferently. "Of nothing, I suppose."

And yet from that moment the man's face had been fixed in my memory.

For several weeks thereafter when she came in every day, she would look across the street and cry out in a jolly voice, that had in it the affectionate satisfaction and assurance that people have when they see some familiar and comforting object of their memory.

"Well, I see our old friend, The Distributing Corp., is still looking out his window! I wonder what he's thinking of today." And she would turn away, laughing, her face flushed with merri-

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ment and good humor. Then, for a moment, with the childlike fascination which words and rhythms had for her, she meditated their strange beat with an abstracted gravity, silently framing and pronouncing with her lips a series of meaningless sounds such as "Corp—Borp—Forp—Dorp—Torp—," and at length singing out in an earnest and gleeful chant, and with an air of triumphant discovery: "The Distributing Corp, The Distributing Corp, He sits all day and he does no Worp!" And, in spite of my protest that her rhyme had neither sense nor reason in it, she cast back her encrimsoned face, and roared with laughter, a rich full woman's yell of delight and triumph.

Then we had laughed no more about the man. For, incredible, comical as his indolence had been when we first noticed it, as obscure and mysterious as his employment seemed, there came to be something formidable, immense, and impressive in the quality of that fixed stare. Day by day a thronging traffic of life and business passed before him in the street. Day by day, the great vans and wagons came, the drivers, handlers, packers swarmed before his eyes, filling the air with their harsh cries, irritably intent with driving labor, but the man in the window never wavered in his fixed abstracted stare.

That man's face remained forever in my memory. It was fixed there like one of those unforgettable images that a man remembers from his whole city life, and became for me a timeless image of fixity and judgment, the impartial, immutable censor of all the blind confusion and oblivion of a thousand city days, and of the tortured madness and unrest of my own life.

For night would come, and I would see the night's dark face again, and live again the crowded century of darkness that stretched from light to light, from midnight until morning.

From the meditation of a half-heard phrase, the hard mockery of a scornful eye, a young thug's burst of jeering laughter as he passed below my window with his comrades, or from some incident remembered, the inflection of a tone, the protraction of a smile, the hideous distortion of any casual act or word or circumstance, or from no visible cause whatever, the tidal flood of madness, hatred, and despair would awake with evil magic, poisoning me bone, brain, and blood, swarming through every tissue of my life the foul corruption of its malignant taint, becoming the instant and conclusive proof of the faithlessness and treachery of my mistress.

Then I would call the woman on the phone, and if she answered me, I would curse and taunt her foully, ask her where her lover was, and if she had him with her at that moment, and believe I heard him whispering and snickering behind her even when she swore no one was there. Feeling even as I cursed at her a rending anguish of inexpiable regret, I would tell her never to come back, rip the phone out of its moorings in the wall, hurl it on the floor, and smash and trample it to fragments underneath my feet, as if the instrument itself had been the evil agent of my ruin.

I would drain the bottle to its last raw drop, feel for a moment its fatal, brief, and spurious illusions of deliberation and control, and then rush out into the streets of night to curse and fight with people, with the city, with all life. Into the tremendous fugue of all-receiving night was packed a century of living, the death, despair and ruin of a hundred lives. Night would reel about me lividly the huge steps of its demented dance, and day would come incredibly like birth, like hope, like joy again, and I would be rescued out of madness to find myself upon the Bridge again, walking home across the Bridge, and with morning, bright, shining morning, blazing incredibly again upon the terrific frontal cliff and wall of the great city.

I would come home into my street at morning, and find the living stillness of my rooms that had been waiting to receive me, and see again, after all the madness, death, and million blind confusions of the night, the stolid, fixed, unchanging judgment of that face set in the warehouse window, staring out into the street forever with its look of sorrow, stern repose, and tranquil prophecy, its immutable judgment of dark time.

That man's thick white face, fixed there like the symbol of some permanence among the blind rush and sweep of all the million things that pass, the furious and immeasurable erosions of time, was connected somehow with another image which came to me that Spring among all the blazing stream of visions that passed constantly, a train of fire, across my brain and this one, unlike the others, was wordless and inexplicable, and neither dream nor fantasy.

And that image which was to haunt me sorrowfully, was this:

In an old house at the end of day, a man was sitting by the window. Without violence or heat the last rays of the sun fell on the warm brick of the house, and painted it with a sad unearthly light. In the window the man sat always looking out. He never spoke, he never wavered in his gaze, and his face was neither the face of the man in the warehouse window, nor any other face that I had ever seen, but it looked at me quietly, and the immutable exile of an imprisoned spirit was legible upon it, and it was the calmest and the most sorrowful face that I had ever seen.

That man's face became for me the face of darkness and of time. It was fixed above the memory of that Spring like some dark judge or destiny, some sorrowful and yet impassive witness of all the fury and anguish in the lives of men.

It never spoke a word to me that I could hear, its mouth was closed, its language was unspeakable—and yet what it said to me was more plain and inevitable than any spoken word could ever be. It was a voice that seemed to have the whole earth in it, and to resume into itself that murmurous and everlasting sound of time that, day and night, hovers forever above the earth, and all the furious streets of life, unchanging and eternal in its sustenance, no matter what men live or die.

It was the voice of evening and of night, and in it were all the million tongues of all those men who have passed through the heat and fury of the day, and who now lean quietly upon the sills at evening. In it was the whole vast hush and weariness that seemed to come upon the city at the hour of dusk, when the blind and savage chaos of another day is ended—and when everything, streets, buildings, and ten million men and women seem to breathe slowly with a sorrowful and weary joy.

The knowledge of their million tongues was in that single tongueless

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voice, the wisdom of man's life of labor, fury and despair, spoke to me from it in the hour of evening, and remained with me in all the madness and despair that I would know at night. And what that tongueless image said to me, was this:

"Child, child," it said. "Have patience and belief, for life is many days and all this present grief and madness of your life will pass away. Son, son, you have been mad and drunken, furious and wild, filled with hatred and despair, and all the dark confusions of the soul—but so have we. Your thirst and hunger were so great you thought that you could eat and drink the earth, but it has been this way with all men dead or living in their youth. You found the earth too great for your one life, you found your brain and sinew smaller than the hunger and desire that fed on them—but, child, this is the chronicle of the earth and of all life. And now because you have known madness and despair, because you will grow mad and desperate again before this night is over, we, made of your earth and quality, men who have known all of the madness, anguish, and despair that youth can know, we who have stormed the ramparts of the furious earth and been hurled back, we who have been maddened by the unknowable and bitter mystery of love, the passion of hatred and desire, of faith and jealousy, grief and longing, we who now lean quietly on the sills of evening, watching the tumult, pain, and frenzy of this life, now call upon you to take heart and hope again, for we can swear to you that these things pass, and we can tell you there are things that never change and are the same forever:

"Because we shall not go into the dark again, nor suffer madness, nor admit despair; because we have found doors— Because we shall build walls about us now, and find a place, and see a few things clearly, letting millions pass. . . .

"Because we have known so many things, we have seen so many things, we have lived so long and lived alone so much and thought so many things; and because there is a little wisdom in us now; because, belly and back and bone and blood, we have made our own a few things now, and we know what we know, we have what we have, we are what we are. . . .

"We shall not strike against the wall at night and cry, 'No more!'; we shall not hear the clocks of time strike out on foreign air, we shall not wake at morning in some foreign land to think of home, nor hear the hoof and wheel come down the streets of memory again; because we shall not go again, we shall not go again, because our wandering is over and our hunger fed—O brother, son and comrade, famished youth, over the dust and fury of ten thousand days, over all the madness of our hunger and unrest, we had a vision of the things that never change, we had a vision of the things that last forever, and we made this song for you:

"Some things will never change. Some things will always be the same. Lean down your ear upon the earth, and remember there are things that last forever. Behold: because we have been set here in the shift and glitter of so many fashions, because we have seen so many things that come and go, so many words forgotten, so many fames that flared and were destroyed; because our brains were bent and sick and driven by the rush, the jar, the million shocks of multitude and number, because we were a grain of dust, a cellulate and dying atom, a dwarfed wanderer among the horror of immense architectures, a stranger whose footfalls had not worn away the millionth part of an inch from the million streets of life; a sinew of bright blood and agony staggering under the weight of its desire, exploded by its everlasting hunger; and because our proudest songs were lost in all the snarl of voices, our vision broken and bewildered by the buildings, because we thought men so much less than mortar, our hearts grew mad and desperate, and we had no hope.

"But we know that the vanished step is better than the stone it walked upon, that one lost word will live when all the towers have fallen down, we know that the vanished men, the dead that they motored to swift burials and at once forgot, the cry that was wasted, the gesture that was half remembered, the forgotten moments of a million obscure lives will live here when these pavements are forgotten, and the dust of the buried lovers will outlast the city's dust. Lift up your heart, then, as you look at those proud towers: for we tell you they are less than blade and leaf, for the blade and the leaf will last forever.

"Some things will never change. Some things will always be the same. The tarantula, the adder, and the asp will always be the same. The sound of the hoof in the street will never change, the glitter of sunlight on the roughened water will always be the same, and the leaf that strains there in the wind upon the boughs will always be the same. April again! Patches of sudden green, the feathery blur and smoky buddings of young boughs, and something there that comes and goes and never can be captured, the thorn of Spring, the sharp, the tongueless cry! These things will always be the same.

"The voice of forest water in the night, the silence of the earth that lives forever, the glory of the proud and deathless stars, a woman's laughter in the dark—and a cry! a cry!—these things will always be the same.

"Hunger and pain and death will never change, the lids of dark, the innocence of morning, the clean hard rattle of raked gravel, the cricketing stitch of mid-day in hot meadows, the stir and feathery stumble of the hens upon the roost, the smell of the sea in harbors, and the delicate web of children's voices in bright air, these things will always be the same.

"All things belonging to the earth will never change—the leaf, the blade, the flower, the wind that cries and sleeps, and wakes again, the trees whose stiff arms clash and tremble in the dark, and the dust of lovers long since buried in the earth—all things proceeding from the earth to seasons, all things that lapse and change and come again upon the earth—these things will always be the same, for they come up from the earth that never changes, they go back into the earth that lasts forever; only the earth endures, but it endures forever.

"Under the pavements trembling like a pulse, under the buildings trembling like a cry, under the waste of time, the hoof of the beast again above the broken bones of cities, there will be something growing like a flower, forever bursting from the earth, forever deathless, faithful, coming into life again like April."

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WHAT BRYAN DID TO AMERICA *Continued from page* 26

of principle. He referred to the silver manifesto of March, 1895, signed by "a few Democrats." He did not state who had prepared that manifesto—it was not necessary.

He scorned the contention of the gold Democrats that bi-metallism would hurt the business interests.

"The man who is employed for wages," said Mr. Bryan, "is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant in the crossroads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day—who begins in the spring and toils all summer—and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the Board of Trade and bets upon the price of grain."

The wage-earners, the small-town lawyers, the storekeepers, and the farmers in the audience sat forward in their chairs.

He appealed to the feeling of the West, the vast debtor areas that were being ruined in the general financial débâcle. "The hardy pioneers who have braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to bloom as the rose . . . these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of their Party as any people in this country.

"Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defense of our homes, our families and prosperity.

"We have petitioned and our petitions have been scorned.

"We have entreated and our entreaties have been disregarded.

"We have begged and they have mocked when our calamity came.

"We beg no longer. We entreat no more. We petition no more. We defy them."

The audience went wild with astonishment and applause. Here was a leader for a militant Democracy, a campaigner of fire and enthusiasm who gave meaning and purpose to their cause. The Commoner was not only talking in fighting words, but he had evolved and was ready to state the philosophy of the Party as the unequivocal representative of the masses:

"The sympathies of the Democratic Party—as shown by the platform," he avowed, "are ever on the side of the struggling masses who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic Party."

He affirmed the need for a high standard of living as a fundamental of prosperity.

"There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them."

Only thirty-seven years of age, eager, self-confident, and aflame with his message, Bryan came to the final explosion of his address. There were many wrongs to be righted. There were many measures which the Chicago platform advocated, but the central cause of the deflation, of the low farm prices, the low wages and the foreclosed mortgages was the shrinkage in the currency to the limits of a gold basis. That was the core of the issue; that was the measure by which the masses were being ruined.

"Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world," he thundered, "supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them:

" 'You shall not press down upon the brow of Labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.' "

The nomination of William Jennings Bryan as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency came inevitably on the following day. The dramatic circumstances of the cross-of-gold speech and its stirring eloquence engaged the public interest in all corners of the nation. Bryan had become overnight the recognized leader of a new Democracy. New York tried to revolt and J. B. Thatcher who was slated as its nominee for Governor announced that he would not support the silver plank, but Bryan shook his black mane, called the State Chairman on the long distance phone and said that he would not enter the State if New York wished to repudiate the party. The thoughts of politicians are long, long thoughts, and the New York Democracy decided to fall in line.

As the weeks advanced Bryan gained ground. The extent of his '96 campaign was a phenomenon which has never been equalled in American political history. Within three and one-half months he spoke in twenty-five states and travelled more than 18,000 miles. He seldom slept for more than three or four hours at a stretch. He was often up for the day by five o'clock in the morning and spoke from fifteen to twenty times before dark. Along the muddy main streets of countless rural villages torchlight parades carried the banner of Bryan, and bands played "El Capitan" for the Peerless Leader.

The money forces of the East at first had snorted at Bryan and had tried to ridicule him out of existence, but as the campaign progressed the astute Mark Hanna, with his ear to the ground, knew that drastic measures were needed. He hastily raised his vast war chest and poured forth tons of propaganda. He inundated Chambers of Commerce, churches, professors, employers, with a deluge of circular letters and alarmist booklets.

The Republican answer to the slogan of 16 to 1 was the shibboleth of "sound money." Bryan had started his campaign with discussions of economics, but as the weeks rolled on both sides reached a pitch of emotion far beyond calm reasoning. Bryan shouted at Greensboro, North Carolina, "I want a dollar that will not be ashamed to look a farmer in the face"; and Reverend Cortland Myers in the Brooklyn Baptist Temple declaimed, "I must speak every Sunday from now on until November. I shall denounce the Chicago platform. That platform was made in Hell."

The large financial interests were indeed alarmed at the Chicago platform

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now that there appeared to be some possibility of its being put into effect. If the Democrats should be victorious and the Chicago principles prevailed, the free-booting ways of business would be sadly curtailed. The control of the money system, the availability of quantities of cheap labor to keep wages down, the abuse of the injunction power of the courts to punish labor, and the freedom from proportionate taxation, were threatened by this Bryan-fostered document. For the planks of the platform included the following issues:

"We are unalterably opposed to monometallism."

"We hold that the most efficient way of protecting American labor is to prevent the importation of foreign pauper labor."

"We object to government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression."

And most iniquitously of all, the platform alluded to the defeat of the income tax law by the United States Supreme Court, and urged a reversal of the decision, or the adoption of some measure "to the end that wealth may bear its due proportion of the expense of the government."

Mark Hanna did not rest with his printed pamphlets. He dispatched trainloads of Civil War veterans into all sections of the nation, drilled to wrap the Republican candidate, Major William McKinley, in Old Glory, and to wave the bloody shirt against Democracy, the party of Rebellion.

IV

The popular vote was enormous and Bryan exceeded Cleveland's victorious total of four years before by 956,000 ballots. But it was not enough. The Hanna organization had triumphed, defeating Bryan by nearly half a million votes.

As a personal triumph, however, and as an achievement in political technology it left a permanent impression on the public and on the opposition party. Almost single-handed Bryan had taken the wreckage of Democracy and built it into a fighting unit. He had given a creed to the popular will and he had, after all, polled 48 per cent of the popular vote under conditions where a change of 20,000 votes in the proper states would have won him the election. He and his policies were a factor which the future could not ignore.

It was unfortunate for Bryan that he had over-emphasized and over-simplified the currency problem in the '96 campaign. The issue of 16 to 1 was very shortly shelved by a freak of fortune which no one had foreseen. While Bryan was championing the silver issue, the cyanide process of gold-mining was discovered which made it possible to extract gold from heretofore unprofitable ore. The vast Transvaal mines in South Africa were opened up by the British, and on top of that came the discovery of the Klondike. Gold production which totalled 7,100,000 ounces in 1882 rose to 14,800,000 ounces in 1899. The effect of increased money on prices was what Bryan had predicted it would be. The price of corn increased from 21 cents per bushel in 1896 to 35 cents per bushel in 1900, but the money expansion was in terms of gold, and the public lost interest in currency reform for many years to come. Curiously enough it returned to public attention more than a generation later, when the vote of 33 United States Senators favoring 16 to 1 served to precipitate the abandonment of the gold standard.

Though Bryan had failed in his attempted *tour de force,* the '96 campaign served as a syllabus of his curriculum for Democracy. He returned to Nebraska and began at once to formulate the courses of political education which he proposed as the basis of popular government. His initial textbook was significantly entitled "The First Battle." This was a curious volume containing biographies of Mr. Bryan and various other characters in the '96 struggle, a narrative of the campaign, speeches, and the text of the Democratic platform. It affirmed the faith of the author that '96 was but the beginning of a siege which would ultimately win control of the government and make it a force to serve the popular well-being. The sale of this volume to thousands of Bryanites, and its distribution to Democratic clubs at every crossroad, served to consolidate the party, and to keep it self-conscious and aggressive.

The book was but one item in Bryan's program. He now abandoned his practice of law, which he never subsequently resumed, and became a political pamphleteer of outstanding popularity. He conducted a column which was syndicated through scores of newspapers, and became an occasional contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post, Century, The Outlook,* and other leading periodicals.

Possibly his most effective medium was the Chautauqua platform. In the early part of the century the Chautauqua circuits were the chief form of entertainment for rural and small-town America. Every summer, as regularly as the circus, the huge canvas tent would be erected in some convenient field, and for a week the countryside was permitted to enjoy a varied diet, ranging from the latest literary or political sensation to a troupe of Arab tumblers. Though the programs contained a good sprinkling of vaudeville, they likewise presented a considerable amount of solid fare. The spectacle of Bryan on the Chautauqua circuit was merely amusing to eastern urban opinion, but the influence of this forum in many sections of the country was one of the most solid pillars in the structure which he was building.

If this public understood but dimly the policies, doctrine, and technic of democracy which Bryan was trying to teach, they, nevertheless, liked the cut of the man. He was friendly, and he made himself one of them. He had put the silk hat and tall collar of college days on a high shelf in the closet, and appeared in a plain business suit, low collar, black narrow tie, and broad-brimmed hat. This was showmanship, but he lived the part twenty-four hours a day.

In addition to its political value, the platform became his most happy medium of expression as a bravura artist. As a writer he was never distinguished, even in intimate correspondence. Mrs. Bryan has written, "I have never regarded Mr. Bryan as a great letter writer—a little too absent-minded, a little too didactic." On the platform he became infused with the response of the crowd and was moved to vivid speech. The tension of the serious passages was continuously relieved by flashes of his Irish wit, flashes which he unfortunately usually deleted in the printed copies.

If this public understood but dimly cartooned him, he could frequently see

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the joke. He treasured his enormous collection of Bryan cartoons and exhibited it to visitors. And he did not neglect the opportunity to pay his respects to the opposition before his Chautauqua audiences. On one of these occasions under the big canvas tent, when Bryan mounted the rostrum he observed that the stage had been improvised by laying planks across a large manure-spreader. Looking down at the boards on which he stood, he said. "This is the first time that I have had the privilege of speaking from a Republican platform."

During the years following 1896, Mrs. Bryan continued to be the executive head who organized the contacts and spheres of influence which her husband developed. She ran the headquarters office at their home in Lincoln when Bryan was away on tour for weeks at a time. Their daughter Ruth (now Her Excellency Ruth Bryan Owen, Minister to Denmark), before she was barely in her teens also carried on a large part of the paper work of this unremitting campaign. Charley Bryan, the Commoner's brother (now Governor of Nebraska), was the field general, specializing in the drilling of the hundreds of county committees. The star's accomplishments were greatly augmented by this able supporting caste.

The soil was peculiarly unfertile for Bryanism, however, in the years immediately following 1896. With the return of prosperity, the mass of the people returned to the pleased contemplation of their individual bank accounts, and saw no reason to be disturbed. In 1898, moreover, the blowing-up of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor precipitated war with Spain. President McKinley had desired a peaceful investigation of the incident, but he allowed himself to be driven into the war by a jingo press. A rather surprised public, with conscience assuaged by the thought of liberating the Cubans, was delighted to try its strength with an Old World power.

Bryan himself was quick to volunteer his services, but McKinley, accepting the view of political advisors, quietly failed to acknowledge the Commoner's message. In July, 1898, however, Bryan organized the Third Nebraska Volunteer Regiment. The tall, eager Colonel, with raven-black hair, mounted on his black horse, made a striking figure ready for deeds of heroism; but the War Department ordered his regiment to Florida, and like most of the army it never had an opportunity for active service.

The war with Spain over the liberation of Cuba led to the taking of the Philippines by the United States, giving this country for the first time an imperial status. Bryan had endorsed the President in the demand for the ceding of the Philippine Islands, with the reservation that some arrangement would immediately be made for their independence. But once this territory had been acquired, McKinley had no thought of letting go. In his nomination speech of 1900, he proclaimed:

"There must be no scuttle policy. . . . The Philippines are ours, and American authority must be supreme throughout the Archipelago."

In this stand McKinley reflected the popular will. The wine of victory over Spain had gone to the popular head. The people were drunk with what Walter Lippmann has termed "the glory of being great." It was a swashbuckling age, the age of Kipling, the age of manifest destiny and "the white man's burden."

Bryan was renominated by his party. Mark Hanna, mindful of '96 and despite the lost cause of free silver, was taking no chances. He knew that such a dynamic, fearless fighter as Bryan might discover at any moment a clarion call which would reach the popular ear. Bryan had had four years to organize, had gained rather than lost in popular esteem, and the Republican Party could not hope to win by default.

The aftermath of the war had not been pleasant. Profiteering manufacturers and packers had supplied the boys at the front with paper-soled shoes and rotten beef. More men had died from typhoid and other sicknesses than had been killed by bullets. The threat of the unpredictable Bryan made it necessary for the McKinley ticket to be strengthened by some vivid personality who would win the West away from the Democratic leader. Against the protest of eastern Republicans and the objections of the man himself, Hanna demanded the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican vice-presidential candidate.

Bryan, as it happened, made Mark Hanna's task relatively easy by choosing to campaign on the issue of anti-imperialism. The war, he held, had been undertaken for the liberation of an oppressed people, not to add to our possessions.

"If elected," he said in his acceptance speech at Indianapolis, "I shall convene an extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose: First, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippines . . . ; second, to give independence to the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their own destiny."

He challenged the American people to a higher conception of democracy, to a national conduct which would forego aggression and set a new example in the brotherhood of nations.

"Behold a Republic," he urged, "standing erect while empires all around are bowed beneath the weight of their own armaments. Behold a Republic whose flag is loved while other flags are only feared.

"Behold a Republic increasing in population, in wealth, in strength, and in influence, solving the problems of civilization and hastening the coming of a universal brotherhood — a Republic which shakes thrones and dissolves aristocracies by its peerless example and gives light and inspiration to those that sit in darkness."

This was all very fine, but the young nation feeling its first taste of world power would have none of it. Times were better, much better for the majority, and the people lacked enthusiasm for a leader who would direct them along such self-sacrificing paths.

Bryan's defeat was considerably more decisive than four years earlier. Even his own Nebraska appeared in the Republican column. The first phase of the Commoner's life was definitely over. He had made two unsuccessful attempts for the presidency, and, though he was later to make a third effort, he himself realized that he had stepped from the rôle of juvenile lead to that of character actor. He was no longer the protagonist of Democracy, but its mentor.

Released from the slightest necessary concern regarding his own political

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chances, Bryan resumed more strenuously than ever his efforts to keep the party intact and united as the vehicle of the popular will. In 1901, he established a weekly journal of opinion called *The Commoner,* which continued for twenty-two years, and for many years had a circulation around the 100,000 mark. This paper, like William Allen White's *Emporia Gazette,* and Reedy's *Mirror* at St. Louis, was one of a group of personal organs of the day which served to ferment a growing and spreading attitude of social unrest and criticism.

While Bryan always considered that Democracy was the logical party for the advancement of popular measures, his outlook on the national scene became to a considerable degree non-partisan. McKinley was assassinated shortly after his re-election, and Theodore Roosevelt had succeeded to the presidency. Roosevelt's anti-trust suits, his denouncing of the "malefactors of great wealth," his emphasis on the need for Governmental control, were applauded in the columns of *The Commoner,* even if the editor could not refrain from congratulating the President on the adoption of Bryanism. Indeed, Roosevelt in adopting some of the principles of the Commoner was shrewdly diminishing Bryan's importance. The Republican president understood the West, the small business man, and the farmer well enough to satisfy partially their demands; and at the same time he did not subject the nation to a diet of idealism for which it had little stomach. For at least a decade Roosevelt represented quite as much of an advance as the people desired.

The Bryan waistline expanded, and the flavor of his writing and speaking became more mellow. He had become a financial success. He drew a salary of $5000 a year from *The Commoner,* and made from $20,000 to $40,000 more annually from his writings and platform work. His quixotic temperament followed him into the days of prosperity, and he gave lavishly to a wide variety of causes, and pained thousands of his more thrifty admirers by paying his farm hands $150 a month.

So vigorous an organism could not be content with the quiet life of a successful and esteemed private citizen; and in 1902 Bryan set forth on a world tour. His interest as he went from country to country was mainly in governmental and political methods and philosophy. In Scotland he observed the government ownership of public utilities. In London he talked with Beatrice and Sidney Webb who were baking the early bricks of modern sociology. At St. Petersburg he called upon the Czar and firmly if courteously discussed the policies of the Russian government. When he reported this to Mrs. Bryan, even she was somewhat staggered.

"What did you talk about?" she asked her husband.

"Free speech," Bryan replied.

"Free speech to the Czar! Surely not!"

"Yes, free speech. I thought he needed to hear about it and he seemed quite interested."

But the man in Europe who interested Bryan most and left the greatest impress on the philosophy of his later life was Count Leo Tolstoy. Tolstoy was described by Bryan later as the "intellectual giant of Russia, the moral Titan of Europe, and the world's most conspicuous exponent of the doctrine of love."

The visit had been planned by the Commoner as the apex of his trip, for he had certain vital matters to place before the Russian philosopher, certain dilemmas and inconsistencies in the Commoner's beliefs, on which he intended to press Tolstoy for an answer. The meeting was under the most happy circumstances, suited to the temperament of both host and guest. Tolstoy invited Bryan to visit him at Yasnaya, an estate miles in the country, gratifyingly remote from the urban life which both men found distracting.

The Russian, like Bryan, dressed the part of a commoner, and received his visitor, wearing a grayish blue blouse belted in at the waist, and skirts reaching nearly to the boot-tops. His trousers were baggy and stuffed into his boots. His large head and long flowing beard, his high wide forehead, and his candid blue eyes, gave to Bryan the immediate impression of a powerful personality. Tolstoy was 76 at the time and Bryan 43. But though the two men were widely separated in age as well as in environment and education, they felt an immediate mutual kinship. After the hospitality of a horseback ride and a stroll through the narrow countryside the Russian philosopher was ready for a talk.

"Do you draw any line," the Commoner asked, "between the use of force to avenge an injury, and the use of force to protect yourself from an injury about to be inflicted?"

"No," Tolstoy answered, "instead of using violence to protect myself, I ought rather to express my sorrow that I had done anything to make anybody desire to injure me."

This was drastic doctrine, morally fascinating but full of implications.

"Do you draw a line," Bryan pursued, "between the use of force to protect a right, and the use of force to create a right?"

Might not America have been justified in going to war with Spain if she had liberated the Philippines as well as Cuba? But Tolstoy was consistent and inflexible.

"No," the Russian answered, "that is the excuse generally given for the use of violence. Men insist that they are simply defending a right, when, in fact, they are trying to secure something that they desire and to which they are not entitled. The use of violence is not necessary to secure one's rights; there are more effective means."

There was much more talk at the Tolstoy farm, hours and hours of it. There were long walks over the snowy countryside. The reckless completeness of Tolstoy's vision was in tune with Bryan's religious zeal, even though he drew back at its practical applications. While never willing to carry to the last ditch the doctrine of non-resistance, Bryan felt continuously from then on the compulsion of the Tolstoy influence. It made him, as the years went on, less and less a realist, as the term realist is generally understood.

Bryan's return from this world tour was, to his own surprise, a personal triumph. America had a better opinion of one of its sons after he had been received with honor in the courts of Europe. The politicians in Democracy also were in a humble mood, for in his absence they had found no other standard-bearer who could approach Bryan in magnetism or appeal to the popular imagination.

The baggage of ideas which the Commoner brought back with him from Europe was, however, a handicap to his political future. He had been in-

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spired not only by Tolstoyism, but likewise by government ownership and other social legislation in Europe. He had gone far beyond the supposedly dangerous Chicago platform of 1896.

His friends in the party were almost in tears at seeing this splendid material for office going to waste because of the harboring of such unpalatable ideas. Indeed, Bryan refused to permit his views to be compromised by expediency. He antagonized the influential wets in Democracy by espousing the cause of prohibition. He championed the direct election of Senators, and avowed himself in *The Commoner* as the leader of the "radical and progressive element" in the party.

In spite of this, the Democratic chieftains in 1908 chose him again to head the national ticket. They had the hope that if he would be even the least bit reasonable during the campaign, his personal popularity, compared with the relatively unknown Republican nominee, William Howard Taft, might carry him to victory. There was even a possibility that some conservative support might veer toward Bryan, because Roosevelt had antagonized the business men in his party, and Taft was Roosevelt's protégé. If Bryan in his middle age would only give evidence of having become more settled, his advisors believed that he might have an appeal to enough of the varying elements of the electorate to assure success. This was probably unwarranted optimism, but Bryan listened courteously to more than one friendly counsellor on this score. He made no promises, but in his opening address at Madison Square Garden, before he finished, he had come out boldly for government ownership of the railroads.

V

That ended the contest at the outset, but the real decline in Bryan's personal prestige had already set in with the rise of the intelligentsia in the early 1900's. In the nineteenth century, America had virtually no such class in the sense of an independent-minded, self-conscious, and critical group. The writers of the end of the century, with rare exceptions, accepted the *status quo* and all its implications. The clergy were equally naïve, concerning themselves almost wholly with individual salvation in a limited concept of the phrase; and the social interest of even such leaders as Reverend Charles H. Parkhurst was devoted to the reform of vice conditions. The colleges were steeped in classicism.

Without aid from the supposedly thinking classes, the revolt led by Bryan in 1896 and 1900 had been largely a personal achievement, supported by farmers, publishers of small newspapers, small-town merchants, politicians, and other plain citizens who had suffered under the trend of the times, and demanded a change.

After the prosperous and the sophomoric glow of the period immediately following the Spanish War, there had again been a decline in business, culminating in the panic of 1907. Bryan had borne the heat and burden of the earlier day, but in the present era of renewed dissatisfaction the intelligentsia had come into existence. Ray Stannard Baker, Charles Edward Russell, Allan Benson, Lincoln Steffens, and Ben Lindsay had discovered that there were many things wrong with the Republic, and were out to set it right. They did not speak Bryan's language. Bryan approached his subject in the terminology of the evangelical Christian, the small-town citizen, and the humanitarian.

The new liberals, less emotional and more aloof, were the godfathers of a developing social science, and nothing could be more distasteful to them than any suggestion that their scientific gospel was a refurbished Democratic platform. The younger voters themselves were of a different generation from the early Bryan, opposed in temperament to the romanticism of that period. They were demanding men of the new age who would frame their political purposes in the modern idiom, men such as Brand Whitlock, Newton D. Baker, and Woodrow Wilson.

It was, accordingly, a curious paradox that the nomination of the chief of the intelligentsia as the Democratic presidential candidate in 1912 was plotted and achieved by one whom the younger men regarded at best as an old fogy and a nuisance. Bryan was too much the Victorian ever to achieve the astringent mental clarity of his successors, but he was a virtuoso in politics, a game in which most of the newcomers were amateurs.

The steps by which Bryan dramatized Wilson's emergence as the new leader of Democracy, the Commoner's capitalizing of current incidents to this purpose, marked him as a headmaster in the school of statecraft. Even two years before the Baltimore Convention, the leading candidate was Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Clark was an old friend of Bryan's and had a more agreeable personality than Wilson. But Clark as a progressive had been wobbly. Roosevelt had quarrelled with Taft, a Democratic victory seemed probable, and Clark did not wish to alienate any votes. This attitude was exactly what worried Bryan, and he tried to force Clark into the open. There was a tariff bill before the House, and Schedule "K" had been introduced to protect the woollen manufacturers. This had raised a great outcry among all the liberal elements, including the press; but Clark sidestepped the issue. On May 5, 1911, Bryan wrote to him in terms which the Speaker might advisedly have taken to heart:

"My dear Clark:

"I venture to make a suggestion for your consideration. I believe the fight over wool will prove a crisis in your life as well as in the party's prospects. A leader must *lead;* it is not always pleasant to oppose friends, and one who leads takes the chances of defeat, these are the necessary attendants upon leadership. Wilson is making friends because he *fights*. . . . He fought for the income tax and for the primary law. . . . Take one side or the other and take it *strong,* if a tax on wool is right, lead the Protectionists to victory. . . . If free wool is right, as I believe it is, lead the fight for it and get the credit for the victory, if victory comes. Don't inquire how the fight is going to go—make it go the right way, if you can.

"I hope you will pardon this intrusion upon your thoughts, but the party needs your assistance. A blast from your bugle may save the day, and it will, in my judgment, strengthen you personally.

"Regards to the family.

Yours,
BRYAN."

The Clark supporters did not fail to note the significance of the reference to Wilson in Bryan's letter; but they had what they considered the trump card. They dug up the famous and hitherto unpublished letter which Wilson had

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written to a railroad president in 1907 containing the phrase: "Would that we could do something, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat!" Bryan, however, refused to be diverted from his course by personalities, and at a public dinner told Wilson not to be concerned. "I, of course, knew," Bryan said, "that you were not with me in my position on the currency."

Clark, despite his silence on Schedule "K," continued to gain ground, and in the preliminaries before the Convention had obtained the pledges of more than 400 delegates, including those from Nebraska. Bryan was not satisfied. He had no especial love for Wilson, but the Jersey Governor was the only candidate who seemed to care about anything other than being elected. Just prior to the Convention, Clark had one more chance to win Bryan's support. The Democratic National Committee had, with surprising misunderstanding of the times, nominated Alton B. Parker as temporary chairman of the convention. Parker was an avowed reactionary, the attorney for Thomas Fortune Ryan, a New York traction magnate. This was an overt challenge to all the progressive elements in the party. When Bryan heard of it, he dispatched a wire at once to each of the potential candidates for presidency:

"I took it for granted that no committeeman interested in Democratic success would desire to offend the members of a convention overwhelmingly progressive by naming a reactionary to sound the keynote of the campaign. . . . I should be pleased to join you and your friends in opposing this selection by the full committee or by the convention. Kindly answer here."

Clark was leery. "The supreme consideration," he replied, "should be to prevent any discord in the convention." But Wilson was willing to risk his chances on a firm stand. "You are right," he wired Bryan, "the Baltimore Convention is to be the Convention of progressives—the men who are progressive in principle and by conviction. It must, if it is not to be put in a wrong light before the country, express its convictions in its organization and its choice of men who are to speak for it."

Bryan was willing to be practical, to have harmony if it were not at the cost of conviction. He approached Parker at the opening of the Convention and urged him to withdraw peaceably in favor of some person who would be acceptable to all elements, but Parker refused. Bryan then tried to persuade some one else to carry the ball, but was himself placed in nomination against Parker for temporary chairman. The vote was Parker 579, Bryan 508; but the struggle accomplished what Bryan had been striving for. It dramatized to the country the fact that the progressive forces were striving for the control of the Democratic Party. The public interest in the Convention from then on was phenomenal, and the total of telegrams received by the delegates during the session exceeded 110,000.

Bryan still faced a considerable problem. If he defeated Clark, Wilson was the only remaining strong candidate who had taken an unequivocal position. Bryan himself was not a candidate, and had repeatedly said so to some of his closest friends and to Mrs. Bryan herself, who had desired him to seek the nomination. Wilson must be nominated. Clark would start off with 440½ ballots, not including the New York delegation. New York was pledged to Governor Harmon of Ohio, but this circumstance was worse than if it had been for Clark at the outset. Harmon was almost certain to drop out of the race early, and then the effect of New York's switch to Clark might prove overwhelming.

Bryan was enough of a veteran to know his personal influence could not prevail unless he could develop some positive and constructive strategy. The New York vote must be discredited in advance, made a liability, before the balloting ever began. It was Charley Bryan, the Commoner's brother, who actually made the suggestion that Bryan adopted. On Thursday evening Bryan came unobtrusively to the platform, and read to a surprised and unprepared audience a resolution which contained this paragraph:

"As proof of our fidelity to the people we do hereby declare ourselves opposed to the nomination of any candidate for president who is the representative of or under obligation to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont, or any other member of the privilege hunting and favor seeking class."

Parker, Ryan's attorney, and August Belmont were themselves a part of the New York delegation. Here was a direct defiance of Wall Street and Tammany; and a bold demand upon the party to repudiate their influence. The Convention was instantly in a tumult. Every Clark man promptly saw the significance of the resolution. Many of the delegates were hysterical with rage, and one of them rushed to the platform shaking his fist in Bryan's face and threatening personal violence. Then Bryan, to make matters worse, stepped to the front of the rostrum and demanded not a general vote, but a roll call by states. Charley Murphy, the Tammany boss, recognized the astuteness of Bryan's move and decided that New York itself must vote for the resolution. He turned to Belmont and said, "Augie, listen and hear yourself vote yourself out of the convention." The resolution was carried by a vote of more than four to one.

It had worked. When the New York vote was reported for Clark on the tenth roll call, the attempted stampede failed. When Nebraska was called on the fourteenth balloting, Bryan announced the vote of his State for Governor Wilson, reserving the option to withdraw it whenever New York should cast her vote for him. From then on Clark lost ground, and the forty-sixth roll call recorded the nomination of Woodrow Wilson.

VI

When Bryan entered the Promised Land as Secretary of State in Wilson's cabinet, he could congratulate himself that many of his earlier policies had already been put into effect. The Republic for years had been throwing concessions to the wolves of Bryanism, and the income tax amendment had been ratified shortly before Wilson's inauguration. On May 31, 1913, it was Bryan's privilege, as Secretary of State, to proclaim the amendment whereby United States Senators were elected by popular vote.

The reform of the currency and the banking system, Bryan's major issue in 1896, had been agitated in both parties for nearly a score of years. A Republican Federal Reserve Act, prepared by Senator Aldrich, was already before the Congress. This measure, however, differed considerably in structure from the

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Democratic intentions. The Aldrich plan was essentially a cartel of the banks, a species of national clearing house, virtually under the direction of private bankers. Carter Glass, in the House, immediately set about drawing up an Administration bill. He collaborated with Colonel House, and with leading financiers, including J. P. Morgan (the younger). Senator Owen of Oklahoma had likewise been working on a measure which differed materially from the Glass bill. The latter contained two features which were against the long-declared policy of Democracy. It permitted banker representation on the federal reserve board, and furthermore it provided for the issuance of federal reserve notes by private banks rather than by the government. The second item in particular aroused Bryan's opposition, and Wilson wrote to Carter Glass:

"Mr. Bryan has twice indicated his desire to discuss currency matters with me; but if I may venture to say so, I think his talk should be first with you. I find he is opposed to bank issues and disposed to government issues. It is my notion that this would get us into all sorts of trouble."

Meanwhile, Senator Owen, alarmed by the progress of the Administration measure, sought the support of Mr. Bryan, enlisted the aid of Samuel Untermyer (one of the original Wilson men in New York), and obtained an audience with the President. Wilson, still reluctant, sent Joseph Tumulty to Bryan's home to discuss the matter. Bryan expressed his loyalty to the administration and a willingness to resign quietly, rather than cause embarrassment, but he insisted that he could not continue in office unless the Federal Reserve Act reflected the promises of the party. He did not argue the matter, but turned to his library shelves and read aloud from the platforms of earlier years:

From the 1896 platform:

"We therefore denounce the issues of notes intended to circulate as money by national banks as in derogation of the Constitution, and we demand that all paper which is made a legal tender for public and private debts, or which is receivable for dues to the United States, shall be issued by the Government of the United States, and shall be redeemable in coin."

From the 1900 platform:

"We are opposed to this private corporation paper circulated as money but without legal tender qualities and demand the retirement of the national-bank notes as far as Government paper or silver certificates can be accepted for them."

From the 1908 platform:

"We believe that insofar as the needs of commerce require an emergency currency, such currency should be issued and controlled by the Federal Government."

Tumulty was convinced that the party was irrevocably committed to these principles, and reported his view to the President. Wilson, in turn, was willing to compromise, and a conference of leaders ensued. The Federal Reserve Act was revised so as to give Government appointees the major and ultimate control of the system, and the endorsement of the Federal Government was established for the protection and regulation of notes issued by private banks.

In his own department Bryan was confronted with major issues from the beginning. He overruled the desire of American financiers to secure Government endorsement for an international loan to China. When California passed a law which prohibited Japanese nationals from owning land in that State, Bryan was called upon to handle the estranged international relations which ensued. He went to California and obtained the permission of the Legislature to conduct negotiations. Then, with his warm smile and convincing assurances of friendship, he prevailed upon the Japanese Ambassador to accept a *modus operandi,* and the crisis was averted.

But the great dream of his short time in office, the iridescent vision which he had cherished since his visit to Tolstoy in 1902, was his project of universal peace.

In his second month of office he invited the ambassadors of the leading nations to the State Department, to discuss a series of international treaties, to be drawn up on a new basis.

"The nations have had machinery for war," Mr. Bryan observed to his visitors. "They could go to war in a week but, strange to say, they have no machinery for the adjustment of disputes which defy diplomatic settlement. They are compelled to rely upon good offices for mediation, with nothing to prevent acts of hostility before either can be offered."

The treaties he proposed would provide for a year's delay by both parties to a dispute, before adopting hostilities.

The treaties would provide for permanent international commissions between nations to investigate such disputes, and to suggest settlements.

Such commissions would be made up of one citizen from each participating nation, another citizen to be chosen by each nation from a foreign nation, and the fifth person to be selected by agreement of the two contracting parties.

His proposals advocated the right of each nation to decide for itself at the end of the investigation, but he believed that the very factor of delay would lead to the cooling of emotions and the prevailing of reason.

The delegates received the proposal almost unanimously, with enthusiasm as well as surprise. A number said that they felt free to express the view that their governments would welcome the suggestion. Within a year the United States had established Bryan treaties with thirty nations, including France, Great Britain, Spain, and China, bringing into arbitration agreement more than 1,000,000,000 of the world's population. Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Japan, and Germany held aloof. Most of the treaties remained in effect between the United States and the other powers until the adoption of numerous Kellogg treaties in the Coolidge administration, and France in signing at the time observed that the provisions were already covered in the existing Bryan treaties.

The coming of the World War, however, obliterated the work which Bryan believed would be his great monument. From the moment that Germany entered Belgium, Bryan's influence in the Cabinet was on the wane. The eastern seaboard was mainly pro-Ally, and the effects of this attitude were inescapable at Washington. Bryan's sympathies were evenly divided. Ruth, his older daughter, was married to a British Army officer, and was herself serving in the British Army as a war nurse. Bryan's son, however, was married to a girl of German descent from Milwaukee. Furthermore, the country west of the Allegheny felt that it had no part in this war and was not interested. Above all, it was clear that Bryan could

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not forget Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance, nor the Russian pacifist's theory that "the use of violence is not necessary to secure one's right; there are more effective means."

When Wilson addressed his first *Lusitania* note to Germany, that country's Ambassador, Dumba, called upon Bryan. Dumba reported the conversation to his home office. Both Dumba and Bryan repudiated the construction which was given to the report at Berlin, when Ambassador Gerard, at the German Court, cabled home that Bryan had said that Wilson's note was not to be taken literally and was given out for home consumption. Whatever the justification for the story, the effect was disastrous.

The storm broke about Bryan's ears. All of his mistakes and defeats were raked up against him. His policy of appointing "deserving Democrats" to consular offices, his discredited free-silver, and his Chautauqua speeches were ridiculed; and many of his former friends turned against him. "You and I understand better and know the greatest sort of injustice is done him," Colonel House wrote to the President. "Nevertheless just now it is impossible to make people think differently."

Every day Bryan's position in the Cabinet became less tenable. Colonel House had been sent abroad as the unofficial mediator for peace, and the most important discussions concerning the State Department were carried on without the Secretary's knowledge. The President had taken the foreign policy of the nation into his own hands, and with the acrid smoke of war already drifting across the Atlantic, there was no room for a Tolstoy disciple in the Administration. On June 8, 1916, Bryan attended his last Cabinet meeting.

VII

The last reel is the better for cutting. An incident here and there marked the Commoner's closing days. It was he who gave to the 1916 convention the slogan, "He kept us out of war," which brought about Wilson's re-election. He turned actively to the cause of Prohibition, a wave which had swept the country from the Corn Belt and the Middle West. He moved his home to Florida, and at the height of the boom spoke daily on behalf of a realty development. He was jeered and hooted at at the New York Convention in 1924, when he arose to speak for the candidacy of William Gibbs McAdoo.

The world had become different and strange. Vast material changes had come about in his life time: Concrete highways, electrification, motion-pictures, and the beginning of the radio. Even if human nature had altered little, the manners and idioms of the public had changed. The old-time religion was being distorted by preachers and teachers; and its time-honored theology was challenged by Evolution. Bryan was a student in his early days, but his life since 1896 had been one of continuous activity and little reflection. Now in the sunset of his life he not only clung to the teachings he had absorbed in childhood, but went forth to war against all and everything which seemed to threaten their existence. In the summer of 1925, a professor was tried for teaching Evolution at Dayton, Tennessee, and Bryan was enlisted as chief prosecutor. The effort was too great for his strength, and on July 25, the great war-horse passed to his final reward.

Bryan was an experimentalist in the technic of Democracy, a champion of the forgotten man. Representing the opinion and interests of rural and small-town America, he evolved from this foundation a program of progress for the Democratic Party, and he chastised Democracy whenever it tried to stray from that path. A romancer rather than a thinker himself, he forced thought upon others. He believed in rescue by legislation. Specifically, the Federal Income Tax, the popular demand for Government control of the banking system, anti-imperialism, the direct election of Senators, and certain features of the Federal Reserve Act received their chief initial impetus from his efforts. The election of Wilson was the work of his hands.

Of the life and thought of city populations he knew little, though he was conscious of their state of unrest. Fundamentally, his contribution was an insistence on the right of a people to control their own destiny. The details and degree of his accomplishments may be disputed, but the essential value of Bryan's career to America was summed up by the prophetic *Literary Digest* as far back as its issue of November 7, 1896:

"To many American journals it seems that the Presidential campaign, no matter what its immediate outcome, has forced the question of so-called plutocracy to the front, which no single election will solve or relegate to the ranks of minor political issues in this country."

A LETTER TO CERTAIN AMERICANS

By Robert Nathan

When once in Spain the arrogant white hand
Was lifted to the Jew to drive him forth
Poor as a beggar from his chosen land,
Far to the wintry ghettos of the north,
What spirit spoke with resolution clear?
Who cried? Who called? Who seconded the weak?
In those dark ages there was none to hear;
The world was silent. There was none to speak.

Who speaks today against the ancient shame,
The endless malice like an old disease?
Let him who dares be silent; for his name
Will mock his silence in our histories.
Who speaks for right when wrong is at the gates?
Tomorrow listens—and tomorrow waits.

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